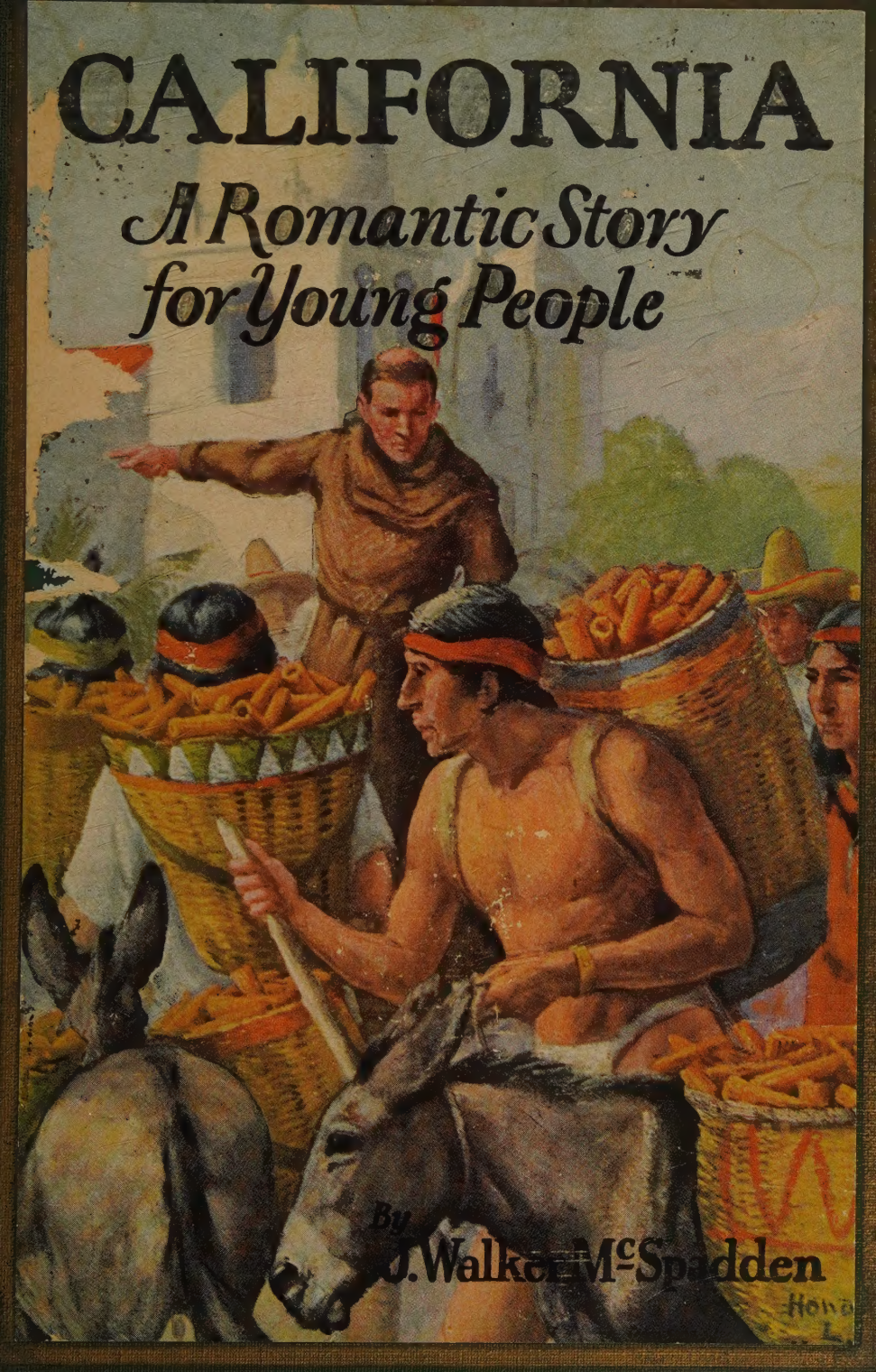
CALIFORNIA

A Romantic Story for Young People



By J. Walker McSpadden

CALIFORNIA

Klamath Lake
Alturas
Eureka
Sacramento River
SIERRA NEVADA
Sacramento
Sutter's Ft.
San Rafael
N
W
E
S

Santa Cruz
Monterey
SAN LUCIA MTS.
Tulare Lake
MTS.
Death Valley
TELESCOPE RANGE
San Luis Obispo
SAN BERNARDINO RANGE
Santa Barbara
Ventura
San Miguel Is.
Is. of Santa Rosa
Is. of Santa Cruz
Los Angeles
Santa Ana
San Jacinto Mts.
San Nicolas Is.
Santa Catalina Is.
San Clemente Is.
San Diego

CALIFORNIA

A Romantic Story
for Young People

Howard
L.
Hastings

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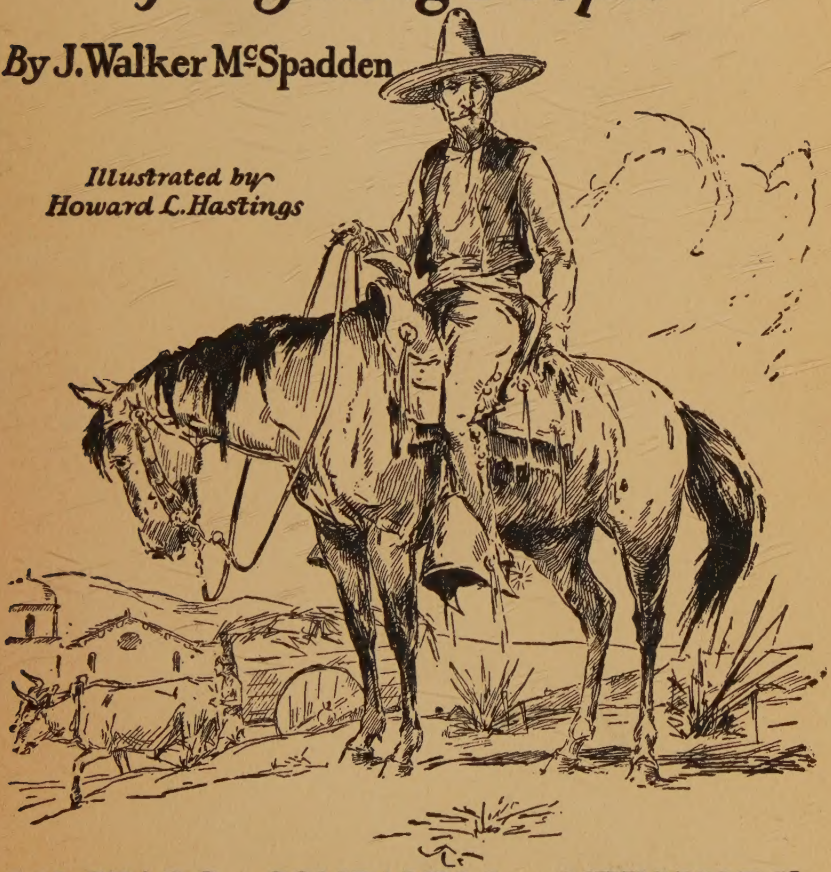
Illustrated by Howard L. Hastings



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FOREWORD

to

Romantic Stories of the States

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
—Sir Walter Scott.

This series of "Romantic Stories of the States" is addressed to everyone, young and old, who is not "dead of soul," as Scott so aptly put it a century ago. Most of us would resent being called unpatriotic, and yet how many of us know the story of our native State? How many of us have stopped to trace the colorful adventures of the hardy pioneer fathers and mothers who laid the first hearthstones in the wilderness?

If we trace the story of each one of our States back to Colonial times, we find that the well-springs of history bubble over with adventure and romance. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, as the reader will find repeatedly in following these tales of bygone days. And in the writing of them we have adhered closely to historic fact, oftentimes gathering the local color from some ancient volume which was published only a few years

after the occurrences—as for example, the narrative of the travels of the explorer himself.

In each instance the story is followed from earliest Colonial times to the dawn of Statehood. We enter the primeval forest or the pathless plain, and we witness, step by step, its slow emergence and transformation into a busy, thriving commonwealth. This book is not intended as a history, so much as a series of historic incidents, or sidelights which reveal the spirit of the times.

It is addressed both to young folks who revel in adventure and to their elders—the man and woman who hark back with pride to their native heath, although they may have been absent from it for many long years, and who want their children to know something of its rich past. To all such we hope the book will come with the memory-laden fragrance of a breeze from the mountains or across the prairies "back home."

To still a third group of readers, this series is offered—the harassed teacher or librarian who is often asked questions in regard to local history. They know that while it is easy enough to get material about the United States as a whole, the occurrence closest home is often the most elusive.

These stories may be called adventures in patriotism. They are culled from a wealth of material in our heroic past, in the hope and belief that they will bring back to us all, whether young or old, something of the rich heritage which clings to our native soil.

J. W. McS.

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CALIFORNIA

A Romantic Story for Young People

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST FOREIGNERS

THE steady throb of the steamer's propeller was about the only sign of activity on board ship, on the lazy Spring afternoon when our story opens. The big, roomy, twenty-six thousand ton vessel was on its way from New York to California, by way of the Panama Canal, and only the night before had passed the sometimes stormy Cape Hat-

teras without incident. To-day the light-hearted passengers were enjoying the semitropical sea to the full, as they engaged in games or lolled around in comfortable steamer chairs.

One little group, evidently a father, mother, and two children in their teens, had been having a lively game of ringtoss, but now were taking their ease near the aft rail.

"I just think it's too good to be true," said the boy for the fortieth time, "that we are really going to California with Father, and won't have to stay in one end of the country, while he stays in the other!"

His mother smiled contentedly, and rested her hand lightly on her husband's shoulder. It was easy to see that her sentiments were the same.

Mr. Mather, looking bronzed and rugged, did not greatly resemble the pale, tired-looking man who had bidden his family farewell, two years before, and gone out West in search of health. He had finally bought an orchard in Santa Clara Valley, California, and built a bungalow there, and had at last come back East to bring his family out to the new home—Mrs. Mather, Robert junior, who was always called Bob, and Margaret, who answered to Marnie.

"I can hardly wait to get there," said Marnie; "eighteen whole days! And yet I'm enjoying every minute of the voyage. I just sort of want to be two places at once—if you know what I mean!"

"Same here," agreed Bob, while they all laughed.

"But at that, I reckon we are getting there a whole lot quicker by water, than they used to before they got the ditch dug at Panama—eh, Dad?"

"Yes, and before they used steam for motive power," assented Mr. Mather. "Think of having to depend upon sailing vessels, and beating one's way around Cape Horn. Why, it used to take months for such a voyage—and it's a wonder the hardy early navigators ever found their way around at all."

"How *did* they, Daddy?" asked Marnie. "I've often wondered how sailors ever found far-away places like California, before they were ever put upon the map. Tell us about them, won't you?"

"Just where shall I begin?" he replied, pinching her on the ear.

"Oh, right at the very start; we have lots of time," she answered.

"Well, the very start of things, so far as America is concerned, is the year 1492, and Columbus. You know, when he sailed over here, he was trying to prove a new and, many thought, a dangerous theory —that the earth is round. He maintained before the Spanish Court that he could reach India by sailing *west,* and when after sailing in this direction he discovered certain islands off our coast, he named them the West Indies; and the natives he called Indians. Both names were in error, but they have stuck ever since. When he went back home in triumph, you can well believe that all the European

nations were agog over his news. Other bold navigators lost no time in fitting out expeditions to sail the unknown sea.

"One of the most venturesome of these was Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese in the service of Spain. He set forth with five small sailing vessels, in the year 1519, reached the eastern shores of South America and, after exploring them, came at length to the strait at the southern tip which bears his name. A great ocean lay beyond, beckoning him to further adventures, and as it just then lay peaceful and quiet he called it the Pacific. On and on he sailed for many weary days, and when his sailors had become fearful of their supplies giving out, or some other dire happening befalling them, he reached the Ladrone Islands. There they got fresh water and food, and went on to the Philippines, where Magellan was killed in a fight with the natives. But some of his men, in a single ship, finally made their way back to Spain, just three years after they had left there—and the first voyage around the world had been accomplished.

"Still the western shores of our own continent had not been touched—and for twenty years more they remained unknown. Then, in 1542, another Spaniard, Juan Cabrillo by name, at last reached the coast of what is now California. How astonished must the natives have been to see coming across the Great Water a huge flying white bird. The ocean had never been navigated by them be-

yond a mile or two offshore—and so this strange craft must have seemed like magic too great to be believed. Cabrillo brought his ship to anchor and made several visits to the land, being received in the friendliest manner by the wondering savages. This is said to have been in the southern part near what is now Santa Barbara. Later his expedition went north along the shore for several hundred miles. After that, the early maps and books began to mention California."

"Where did they get that name, Dad?" asked Bob.

"It was first given to a fabled island lying out in the Pacific—an island said to be so rich and beautiful as to be 'very near the terrestrial Paradise.' You know, there were all sorts of fabulous accounts of the New World being related by the early explorers. There was the expedition of Ponce de Léon to Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth. And there were many tales of hidden treasure, as well. Most of the first Spanish voyagers were in search of gold, and they cared nothing about settling the country. Such adventurers were Cortez, who overthrew the ancient Aztec kingdom in Mexico, and Pizarro, who conquered the Incas of Peru. When Cortez had reached the western coast of Mexico, he discovered the long peninsula now known as Lower California. As he saw the southern tip of it first, he and his men believed that it was the fabled island of California. They visited

it about the year 1535; and when, seven years later, Cabrillo went farther up the coast, as I have already told you, the northern land was called Alta, or Upper, California."

"Didn't any but the Spaniards come out here?" asked Marnie.

"Not for a good many years. Spain was just then the strongest maritime, or seagoing power. But England was growing more and more ambitious, and one after another of her bold seamen began to sail the western waters. Among the boldest of these was Sir Francis Drake, whose whole life was just one adventure after another—and most of the time it was fighting the Spanish on the high seas. I wish I had time to tell you about some of his exploits, but they are well worth reading for yourselves. Some people called Drake a freebooter, or pirate, because Spain and England were not officially at war when he began capturing every Spanish vessel he came across. But Queen Elizabeth said that it served the Spaniards right for reprisals which they had made; and she knighted him for his deeds. A few years later when the mighty Spanish Armada sailed against England—only to meet defeat—we find Drake serving gallantly and with the rank of Vice Admiral. So the Spanish must have found him, and other reckless sailors like him, a thorn in their side.

"But—to go back in my story—before the days of actual war Drake set sail from England with five

ships and sealed orders or, more likely, no orders at all. This was in the year 1577. After a long voyage across the Atlantic he passed through the Straits of Magellan and cruised up the coast of South America, sacking several ports and, on one occasion, capturing a Spanish galleon laden with silver, gold, and jewels—a glittering booty said to have amounted to over a million dollars of our money. On up to the northern hemisphere he sailed, finally reaching the coast of California. This was in the year 1579, and he was the first Englishman to touch these shores. What Drake was really in search of was a northern passage to the Atlantic, and so home. But he did not find it and the approach of winter made him turn back to southern waters.

"It is said that he sailed as far north as the Oregon coast, before returning to California waters. Just where his vessel, the *Golden Hind,* cast anchor is not certainly known, but it was probably a little to the south of what is now San Francisco. Drake's chaplain wrote a book on this voyage which he called 'The World Encompassed,' and he speaks of the 'convenient and fit harbor' in which the ship grounded for repairs. He also tells of the astonished natives who came in troops to his vessel and asked about the loud thunder that the bearded white men kept hidden away in the hold of the ship. It is even said that the head chief took a crown from his own head and placed it upon that of Drake, in

token of submission. But many of these quaint tales, I think, must be taken with a grain of salt.

"One important fact I must not neglect to mention. Before he sailed away, Drake affixed a brass plate to a post on shore, and laid claim to the land in the name of Queen Elizabeth. And on account of some white cliffs which reminded them of the chalk cliffs of Dover, he called the country New Albion. But naming a country, and claiming it, is another thing than holding on to it; and as Drake presently sailed away without leaving any colony, the Spanish paid no attention to the English claims. As for Drake himself, he turned the prow of the *Golden Hind* straight out across the great unknown sea and after many more months of sailing he rounded the Cape of Good Hope and at last reached England again—having been the first Englishman to voyage around the world. And thus came the name of his chaplain's book, 'The World Encompassed.'"

"That was some different from *our* little jaunt," remarked Bob sagely. "It must have taken nerve for those men to sail along for weeks at a time, not knowing where they would land."

"You are right," said his father. "And that is one reason why our land was so long in getting settled. Men had to chart unknown seas and risk every sort of danger, before the first maps were made. And even then, their task was only begun. It was actually *two hundred years* after Drake

visited the coast of California, that the first decided move was made to settle the country. Of course, from time to time, other navigators visited it—among them Juan de Fuca, and Sebastian Vizcaino. The latter, in 1602 and 1603 explored along the coast from what is now San Diego to Monterey, and thence to Point Reyes. His maps added to the slender store of knowledge about California—then, as I say, for two whole centuries no further interest was taken in this far-away, unknown coast. The native roamed undisturbed, as he had done for countless centuries before, and the stories told by the medicine men, of the strange white-winged ships with thunder inside them, were accepted as only idle tales of magic for the rainy day around the council fire."

CHAPTER II

THE LAND AND ITS FIRST INHABITANTS

ANOTHER golden day at sea—and now the good ship was plowing its even way off the coast of Florida. It was fine simply to be alive, as all four of the Mathers voted, and now as they drew their chairs up into a semicircle on the aft deck where they could watch the porpoises playing about the vessel and the gulls wheeling in lazy, graceful circles overhead, they sat for a while silent, drinking it all in.

Mrs. Mather was the first to break the silence. "These are the waters," she said, "that Columbus first visited, when his three little ships sighted land."

"That's so," eagerly assented Bob. "I was reading all about it just the other day. You can shut your eyes and sort of picture the whole thing over again, can't you!"

"That's just what I was thinking," said Marnie. "It makes history a lot more real than when you only read about it in printed books. And while we sail along for California I am dreaming all the time about those early explorers. They were a brave lot of men. But, Daddy, there was one thing

you told us yesterday that still seems queer to me. You said that after the first ships reached the Pacific Coast, it was two hundred years before anybody tried to build towns or live there. That's an awfully long time. Why, the United States isn't that old even yet!"

"True enough, Kitten," laughed her father. "But you may remember that Columbus, the fellow who sailed right along here, made his first voyage in 1492—and it was over seventy years after that, until the Spaniards built their first fort, at St. Augustine. And the English founded Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607—well over a century after Columbus' day. So if things moved that slowly on the Atlantic Coast, the nearest point to Europe, it is not surprising that far-away California had to await its still longer turn."

"Who lived there before the white men came, Daddy?" asked Marnie.

"Various tribes of Indians, about whom we know very little. They were a simple and savage people who had evidently been living undisturbed and without getting any higher in the scale of civilization for centuries. When Gasper de Portolá sailed into the splendid Bay of San Francisco, in 1769—and he is said to have been its first discoverer—his ship was visited by the friendly natives, and later he learned how to talk their sign language. They told him they had lived there so many moons that no one could count them. Their traditions also de-

scribed the land of their fathers. A vast inland lake, they said, had once stretched between the two chains of mountains now known as the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Get out your atlas again, Kitten, and let's look at California."

Marnie disappeared into her stateroom, and soon returned with the desired book. It had been well thumbed of late; there is nothing like an ocean voyage to whet one's interest in geography!

"The surface of the State is very mountainous," she read. "It is traversed by two mountain ranges running generally from north to south. The Coast Range, from whose peaks one can easily see the ocean, is a series of broken ridges. Its highest points are over 7,000 feet. The Sierra Nevadas, farther inland and parallel to them, are much higher. There are over a hundred peaks which exceed 10,000 feet. Between these ranges is a basin over four hundred miles long. It is said that, in ancient times, this basin was an inland lake. Then came a great earthquake, the Coast Mountains were rent apart and the waters of the sea rushed in. The greatest of these rifts is still seen in the harbor of San Francisco. After other long ages the bed of the inland sea slowly rose until above sea level and the waters went out again. This has left the Sacramento Valley in the north, and the San Joaquin Valley in the south."

"There you have it," said her father; "and the early Indian traditions are verified by old Mother

Nature herself. California, we may believe, is a product of comparatively recent formation. Her mountains are volcanic and contain many extinct craters. Her surface is rugged and varied. There are towering mountain heights, and low, sandy plains. Down in the southern tip at Imperial Valley, the Salton Sea is actually beneath the ocean level. I want you children to look over the map carefully and learn more about the land features, as they have quite a bearing upon the whole progress of things.

"California was shut off from the rest of America by a high wall—that wall being the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The first settlement came up from the south, by way of Mexico. And for all those long years before the white man came, the Indians lived lazy, peaceful lives, protected by these same mountain ranges. They left no records of their own,—and until some time after the first white settlements little was known about them. They were not nomads—that is, they wandered about very little, and to all questions of the colonists they answered that they had always lived here. They seemed as much a product of the soil as the yucca or the cactus.

"Their tribal ties were very loose and they had little or no government. Each small, scattered community had its own customs. Here is something I was reading just the other day, from a United States Government report, about these Indians."

And Mr. Mather opened a book and read as follows:

"'Culturally, the California Indians are probably as simple and rude as any large group of Indians in North America. Their arts (excepting that of basket making, which they possessed in a high form) were undeveloped; their pottery was practically unknown, and in the greater part of the State the carving or working of wood was carried on only to a limited extent. Houses were often of grass, tule, or brush, or of bark, sometimes covered with earth. Only in the northwest part of the State were small houses of planks in use. In this region, as well as in the Santa Barbara Islands, wooden canoes were also made, but over the greater part of the State a raft of tules was the only means of navigation. Agriculture was nowhere practiced. Deer and small game were hunted, and there was considerable fishing; but the bulk of the food was vegetable. The main reliance was placed on numerous varieties of acorns, and next to these, on seeds, especially of grasses and herbs. Roots and berries were less used.'

"The acorn seems to have been their chief diet before the white men came," continued Mr. Mather. "They had learned to rob it of its bitter taste by grinding it and then repeatedly washing the meal in a coarse sieve made of grasses. They then made a sort of bread by mixing the meal with water and roasting or baking it. The piñon or fruit of

the pine was also a favorite. They learned how to make the mesquite bean palatable by burying it, in large heaps, for several weeks, after which it was stored in rude granaries. But all was grist that came into their hopper, for they ate anything they could catch, from deer down to grasshoppers, lizards, rats, and snakes."

Deer Were Hunted

"Ugh!" said Marnie, making a wry face, and she shuddered as, at that precise moment, a steward came by with the announcement: "Dinner is served!"

CHAPTER III

THE SPANISH MISSIONS

ON the fourth day after leaving New York, the Mathers and the other passengers found themselves in Havana. Grim old Morro Castle greeted them first at the entrance of the harbor, and later when they eagerly went ashore, the old cathedral, streets, markets, and fortresses brought back to them strongly the days of the Spaniards and their efforts to found a great Western empire. And so, on the next day as the steamer made its placid way across the Caribbean Sea toward Panama, it was not surprising that Bob and Marnie should want to know more about those days of the long ago.

"Tell us about the Spanish missions, Daddy," said Marnie. "Their pictures look so interesting that I have always wanted to know more about them."

"That is a long story," he replied, "and to give you any sort of an idea about them, I shall have to tell you a little about what led up to them. You have doubtless heard the story of St. Francis of Assisi, the monk who lived back in the Middle

Ages and who gave away all his belongings and tried to live like Christ. He is one of the most remarkable men who ever lived, and a powerful order of monks who came after him are called the Franciscans. A great rival order was known as the Jesuits, or followers of Jesus. The Jesuits had tried for many years to set up missions in Baja, or Lower, California, but it was a harsh and cruel land, unbelievably hot and arid, and they met with little success. It is said that as late as the eighteenth century they still thought it an island, and they knew nothing about the fertile valley of Upper California. Then, in 1769, Gasper de Portolá sailed into the Bay of San Francisco, and the stories which he brought back to Mexico again turned their thoughts to this great unknown country to the north.

"Among the men whom he met in Mexico was a Franciscan monk whose name will forever be linked with the story of California—Father Junípero Serra. He had come from Spain eager to carry the cross into the farthest wilds, and it is said that in his zeal, when he first landed on Mexican soil, he walked the entire distance from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. He cared nothing for bodily suffering or hardship, but kept before his eyes constantly the figure of the head of his order, St. Francis—and through his life of devotion he has won a place close beside that of the beloved medieval saint.

"Father Junípero was eager to succeed in Chris-

tianizing the savages, where the Jesuits had failed. After meeting Portolá he decided that Alta, or Upper, California, was the better field for their efforts, and he besought his King, Charles III, of Spain to aid him in this work. The King lent a willing ear to the plan, but we can well believe that he was more interested in securing the country for himself, than in saving the souls of the savages. Probably he had not forgotten the voyage of that English upstart Drake, who had christened the land New Albion. Now if the English should decide to send an expedition there to reinforce their claims—yes, he would help this Franciscan monk, and kill two birds with one stone. So the monarch sent over a military leader, Don José Galvez, who was called Visitador General, and who was to take charge of military and civil matters. Father Serra was made head, or president, of the missions; and in the year 1768 the two men met and laid plans for the great project.

"It was agreed that expeditions should be sent north by both sea and land, the following year, and this was carried out. Three ships weighed anchor, and after a rough voyage in which one of them was lost, the other two reached San Diego harbor and there awaited the land forces.

"Father Serra, still indifferent to his bodily comfort, elected to march over land, from Loredo, the starting point. He was then fifty-five years old, and a life of privation had already left its marks

FATHER SERRA ELECTED TO MARCH OVERLAND

[See page 28]

upon his body. As he trudged through the burning sands, mesquite and cactus—a desolate country infested with horned toads and rattlesnakes—for hundreds of miles, he was occasionally persuaded to ride upon a mule. Possibly he may have thought regretfully of the ships out on the ocean, instead of this burning sand. But more likely he lost himself in beautiful day dreams of the country and people awaiting him at the north.

"The painful march at last caused ulcers to break out on his legs, and it seemed that he could not go on. But he would not yield. He found a mule driver who had some rude herbal ointment which was used for the mules, and this was applied to his own sores. After a night of rest and prayer he went on again. It was midsummer; the sun beat down pitilessly upon the sands; but the little party marched on, with the black-robed figure limping ahead carrying his cross. 'It is for the glory of God,' he said.

"And so they came at last to the lovely harbor of San Diego. It was the first day of July, in the year 1769. There lay the ships at anchor, and here and there on the way they encountered wondering Indians. But the hillside slope leading down to the curving water front, now the site of a beautiful city, was then but a hot, sandy waste with no structures upon it other than a few straggling tents. What had happened to the ships' crews?

"Father Serra and Portolá, who had come along

with him, soon learned the sad tale. One ship, the *San José,* had been lost at sea. Another, the *San Antonio,* was the first to arrive at San Diego, reaching there April 11. It was eighteen days more until the third ship, the *San Carlos,* struggled in with both vessel and men in bad shape. Their fresh food had run low, their drinking water had become contaminated, and all on board were ill from scurvy. So weak were they that they could not exchange signals with their sister ship. Men from the *San Antonio* came aboard and, learning the state of affairs, hastily conveyed the sufferers ashore and erected rude tents over them. Then the rescuers themselves fell sick, and soon there were hardly enough well men left to bury the dead. Those first tragic weeks in May and June, in the new land, marked a sad beginning to permanent settlement in California. Of the ninety or more sailors, soldiers, and mechanics, only one-third survived. The graves of the others dotted the hillside. This was the news which greeted the weary Father Serra and his little company when they reached San Diego."

Mr. Mather paused, and there was silence for a minute or two, punctuated by the beautiful leap of a flying fish near the steamer's bows. Then Bob remarked: "As I said before, traveling is some easier nowadays than it was then. I guess we don't appreciate our blessings."

Marnie's only comment was: "Did Father Serra turn back?"

"I think you can answer that question for yourself," replied her father. "Father Serra was not of the kind that turns back. Instead, he ordered a prayer of thanksgiving that the work had been actually begun, and the men were so heartened that they fired a salute in honor of the occasion—which sent the curious natives scurrying to the hills. Further plans were at once put on foot. The *San Antonio* was sent back for supplies. A land expedition under Portolá was to continue north as far as Monterey, while Serra and others were to remain here and found the first mission. This they did, on July 16, 1769, when the Mission of San Diego de Alcala, the first white settlement in California, was founded."

"What did they do, to found a mission?" asked Marnie.

"The monks went through a certain ceremony in starting each of their later missions, and it was probably the same as this one. They have left interesting records in various places. So we can picture the scene very nearly as it actually happened.

"First they chose a commanding plot of ground, on which the mission buildings were to stand later. Then bells were hung from the limbs of trees, and these were rung to summon the natives from far and near. At this strange sound the Indians came straggling up in ones or twos, drawn by curiosity. What they saw excited their wonderment still more. An altar had been erected in the open. It was sheltered

by a rude booth made of the branches of trees. As there was no rainfall here in the Summertime, this outdoor chapel answered their purposes very well. The altar was covered by a white cloth and had candles arranged before a central cross. As the awed natives stood silently by, they saw the black-robed priest consecrate the booth, the altar, and the ground surrounding them with holy water. The place was then christened in the name of the patron saint, and mass was celebrated.

"Such was the founding of the San Diego Mission, and Father Serra then tried to talk to the Indians as he gave them little presents. But he found them suspicious and unresponsive. All the marvels of the past few weeks had been too much for them. They simply didn't have brains enough to grasp what it was all about. The same lack of results followed his efforts day after day, and week after week. The Indians hung around and accepted food or other presents readily enough; in fact, they helped themselves on every chance occasion; but listen to the story of the strange God they would not.

"And worse was to follow. The raids of the thieving natives, who saw no right or wrong in taking anything that lay around loose, reached a climax when a party of them in canoes tried to board and pillage the *San Carlos*. The soldiers resisted, and a flight of arrows was the reply. One was killed and three wounded, before the soldiers fired a volley of muskets which killed three Indians, and

wounded a number of others. Worst of all, it destroyed that friendly spirit which Serra and his priests had been trying to cultivate. It was nearly a year, indeed, before the little Mission began to get a hold on the natives. Then his heart was gladdened by the promise that a child would be given to him for baptism. I must tell you the result of this in the words of Father Palou, an assistant and eye-witness."

Mr. Mather again brought out one of his books, and read: "'When the Presidente'—that was their title for Father Serra—'had finished the previous ceremonies and was about to pour the water, the Indians suddenly snatched away the child and immediately made off in great haste for their huts, leaving the good Father in amazement with the water in his hands. The feeling of the venerable Father was such, seeing the baptism of the child so frustrated, that for many days the sorrow and pain which he suffered might be discovered in his countenance; his Reverence attributing the conduct of the Indians to his own sins; and many years afterwards, when he related this circumstance, he had to wipe the tears from his eyes.'

"Six months went by in this fashion, with no word from Portolá absent in the north, and no news of the supply ship from the south. They must have been days of loneliness and disquiet to the little band at San Diego. At last Portolá came back with gloomy tidings. The harbor which he sought had

eluded him, and his men were worn out and discouraged. If the supply ship did not soon arrive, the Mission must be abandoned and all must return to Mexico. Thus argued the soldier, but Father Serra only said, quietly:

"'Go if you must, but I am fully determined to remain with some of my companions, and sacrifice myself for the love of God and for the advancement of His glory.'

"On the very last day set by Portolá, a glad cry went up: 'A sail! a sail!' And sure enough the supply vessel came sailing into the harbor.

"Once again plans were made for an expedition to the north, and this time Father Serra decided to go with it. He was by no means satisfied with the thought of setting up a single mission. In his mind's eye, he saw a chain of them along the coast, with the wild natives converted and made into useful citizens—certainly a herculean task! Some progress had apparently been made at San Diego. Permanent buildings were in process, and by the year 1775 sixty converts were baptized. But again they met with a setback. The hostility of the hill tribes was aroused, and they made a fierce attack upon the Mission. Father Jayme tried to calm them by walking quietly up to them, saying, 'Love God, my children!'—only to fall dead pierced by many arrows. The others in the Mission, seeing him fall, sought protection in a brick building which served as a kitchen, and escaped massacre.

THE VESSEL WAS SAILING INTO THE HARBOR

"When Father Serra, then in the north, heard of the martyrdom of Father Jayme, he said: 'God be thanked. Now the soil is watered; the redemption of the Diegans will be complete.'

"The other buildings had been burned during this attack, but a new church was started at once of adobe, and completed in 1780. Twenty years later we find the Mission well established and the strongest of the chain which now stretched away to the north. There was a settlement of some fifteen hundred neophytes, as the natives who were not converts

were called, and the stanch white walls of the Mission were surrounded by a fertile vineyard which in turn was inclosed by a substantial adobe wall. Its fields were watered by means of a canal over three miles long, leading to a well-built dam in the Cajon Valley.

"Meanwhile, the new expedition led by Portolá and Serra to the north had been successful. The Bay of Monterey was rediscovered at last, and on June 3, 1770, a booth of branches was erected, a cross set up near an old oak, the bells were hung in the trees and soon began to ring out their invitation, and a new mission was begun—the second of the long chain.

"During the next few years other important missions sprang up, one after another—San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Barbara and nearly a score of others ending with the one farthest north, at San Rafael, a few miles above San Francisco.

"It is interesting to note that work began upon the San Francisco Mission in 1776—a fateful year in American history. While the colonists on the Atlantic Coast, were defying King George, the Spanish padres and soldiers on the farther side of the continent were laying the foundations of a great future State. And during all the years of the Revolution, in the East, this chain of settlements on the extreme Western frontier gradually took shape from the wilderness."

"Did they succeed in civilizing the Indians?" asked Bob.

"Yes and no. They taught them many useful things and brought hundreds of them into the Church. They made them tear down their rude hovels and build better dwellings. They laid out a schedule of work for the Indians which should take them right through the day from sunrise to sunset. They showed the men how to till the ground, and the women how to weave. That is the fair side of the picture. But—to look at the other side—they took away the Indians' liberty and made menials of them. The simple-minded people became little more than machines, going and coming to the sound of some bell or the sharp word of command. They could not even eat except by permission of the padres.

"The priests and soldiers, on their part, fired by a constant zeal for Church and State, put these docile people to all sorts of tasks. They transported building material long distances for the missions, and these structures grew more and more imposing as the years went by.

So well constructed were they, that some still stand, the wonder and admiration of the tourists. But the Indians who toiled to construct them gave up first their freedom and then their lives. Their contact with a superior civilization was fatal to them. They began to contract the diseases of community life, and their mortality in the next fifty

years was frightful. To-day the Mission Indians, as they came to be called, are practically extinct.

"As for Father Serra, he was a visionary and a saint. He walked thousands of miles visiting his beloved missions, and he looked upon the red men as his children. He literally wore himself out in the service, and died at the Mission of Carmel, in 1784, 'full of years and bodily sores.' But he had lived to see his life work well under way, and other workers following zealously in his steps. His name will always be a fragrant memory to Californians.

"Here"—said Mr. Mather as he ended his story of the Missions—"is a little poem on the subject which I ran across the other day. Read it to us, Marnie."

And while they watched the sunset glow shining across the Gulf of Mexico, making a golden pathway for their vessel, Marnie read the following:[1]

"Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With color of Romance!

"I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,
Girdle the heathen land.

[1]From "The Angelus," by Bret Harte.

"Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farthest Past;
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

"Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

"Once more I see Portolá's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon."

CHAPTER IV

THE PASSING OF THE MISSIONS

"I DREAMED, last night, about the old California missions," confessed Marnie, the next afternoon when by mutual consent they gathered for another story. "Why was it, Daddy, that they died out? I think you told us that there were over twenty of them in all—a chain reaching up from San Diego to San Francisco. It seems strange that all that work went for nothing."

"Yes, it does," answered her father; "but there were several very good reasons for it. You remember I told you that the expeditions were partly military. Near each mission was a presidio, or fort. This was necessary as a matter of protection. There were always marauding bands of Indians, chiefly from the hill tribes, that would steal everything they could lay their hands upon, if they didn't actually burn buildings or kill people. They viewed these white men coming into their country with suspicion and hatred.

"The Mission Indians were harmless enough, but the soldiers did not treat them so well as the padres did. They made slaves of them and mistreated them

in many ways. They went far toward undoing all the good of the missions. And it was not long until a rough element began to drift into the little pueblos, as the struggling settlements were called—traders, ranchers, sailors, pirates, smugglers, and adventurers of all sorts. There was little attempt at law or order, and conditions of living were primitive indeed. So you can imagine its effect upon the natives who, at best, were as imitative as monkeys, and usually imitated the vices rather than the virtues of the white race.

"And as if this weren't enough—California began to get embroiled in political troubles. Mexico declared her independence from the Mother Country, Spain, in 1822, and the succession of Spanish governors in California gave way to others appointed by Mexico. In a few short years, these were in turn overthrown. I hope to tell you about all this, a little later on, but I am looking ahead a bit in order to answer Marnie's question. As soon as the Mexican flag began to fly over the presidios, the priests' power was broken by a secularization law, as it was called, which took away the Church property and set the Indians free.

"However, this 'freedom' was disastrous to them. The Church had become both father and mother to them—feeding them, clothing them, directing their labors, caring for them in sickness, sometimes punishing them as they would children—for that was what they really were. So you can picture for your-

selves the dire condition which befell these poor natives when the authority of the monks was taken away. They could not revert back to their former savagery, as the country was becoming settled. Of course they could go to work, and some of them did. But they were poorly paid, and taken advantage of at every turn. Many turned thieves and outcasts.

"All this occurred, we must remember, while there was no stable government in California. Things were in a state of upheaval, with first one flag and then another flying from the presidios. And California was very far away indeed from any civilized country. So the poor Indians were simply grains caught between the upper and the nether millstones of events. Presently other nations began to take an interest in California.

"The new government of the United States was hundreds of miles to the east, across wild and unknown plains and scorching deserts. Few people in California had ever heard of such a country when, in 1796, the first American ship, the *Otter,* hailing from Boston, sailed into the harbor at Monterey. Four years before, Vancouver, a famous English navigator, had visited the coast; and a French ship commanded by La Pérouse had also made port. Then, in 1806, the first Russian ship found its way across, under the command of a high officer, De Rezanov by name. His coming is the subject of one of the first of California romances.

"It seems that the Spanish governors were very

jealous of foreigners entering the ports to trade. Rezanov was given a courteous welcome, but forbidden by the Governor, Arguello, to buy or sell goods. The Russian officer pleaded his cause, and was granted permission finally to sell his present cargo of clothing and trinkets, in exchange for hides, furs, and other California products. Meanwhile he found a friend at court in the daughter of the Governor, the beautiful Concha. Between the two young people a friendship sprang up which quickly ripened into love. Rezanov asked her hand in marriage, and was sternly told that a Catholic señorita could not wed with a Russian heretic—he being a member of the Greek Church.

"'If I go to the Pope at Rome and get a dispensation, will you consent?'" asked the determined suitor.

"The grim old soldier hesitated, but the sight of his daughter's tearful eyes softened him. 'Yes,' he said at last.

"The Russian commander sailed away, watching to the last the flutter of a lace handkerchief from the presidio on the hill. They both knew that many weary months must pass without even a word, but their hearts were resolute. It was, indeed, years before Concha heard definite tidings of her absent lover. He had attempted to cross Siberia in the dead of winter, and had lost his life. When the dread news finally came, she laid aside her finery forever and donned the gray habit of a nun. She taught a little school in Monterey and was an angel

to the sick and the poor. When the first convent was built in Monterey, she was chosen its Mother Superior."

"When I visit Monterey, I shall think of Concha," said Marnie, sympathetically. "But go on, Daddy, and tell us more about early California and the missions."

"I was reading only this morning in a fine sea story a description of both," answered Mr. Mather. "It is in Richard H. Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast.' He came around the Horn in a Yankee sailing vessel, and he gives some interesting glimpses of the missions, the pueblos, and the people. It was in the year 1835, while the missions were still active, but the first blight had fallen upon them. I do not think I can do better than read a few paragraphs from his book, as it is from an eye-witness. Will you bring me the book, son?"

Bob ran back to the stateroom and soon returned with the book, which he tendered to his father.

"No, you read it, son, while I give my voice-box a rest. Here—I will show you the places."

So Bob read as follows:

"'Directly opposite the anchoring ground lie the Mission and town of Santa Barbara, on a low, flat plain, but little above the level of the sea, covered with grass, though entirely without trees, and surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of mountains, which slant off to the distance of fifteen or twenty miles. The Mission stands a little back

of the town, and is a large building, or rather collection of buildings, in the center of which is a high tower, with a belfry of five bells; and the whole, being plastered, makes quite a show at a distance, and is the mark by which vessels come to anchor.

" 'The town lies a little nearer to the beach—about half a mile from it—and is composed of one-story houses built of brown clay—some of them plastered —with red tiles on the roofs. I should judge that there were about an hundred of them; and in the midst of them stands the Presidio, or fort, built of the same materials, and apparently but little stronger. The town is certainly finely situated, with a bay in front, and an amphitheatre of hills behind.' "

"And this," said Mr. Mather, turning the pages for Bob, "will interest you children especially, as it describes the Monterey harbor—the one that is nearest to our own new home in the Santa Clara Valley."

"Hooray!" said Bob—and proceeded to read with much gusto:

" 'The Bay of Monterey is very wide at the entrance, being about twenty-four miles between the two points, Ano Nuevo at the north, and Pinos at the south, but narrows gradually as you approach the town, which is situated in a bend, or large cove, at the south-eastern extremity. The shores are extremely well wooded (the pine abounding upon them) and as it was now the rainy season, everything was as green as nature could make it,—the

grass, the leaves, and all; the birds were singing in the woods, and great numbers of wildfowl were flying over our heads.' "

"You can well believe"—put in Mr. Mather—"how good such a sight would look to sailors who had spent long months out upon the open sea! Go on, Bob."

" 'We came to anchor within two cable lengths of the shore, and the town lay directly before us, making a very pretty appearance; its houses being plastered, which gives a much better effect than those of Santa Barbara, which are of a mud-color. The red tiles, too, on the roofs, contrasted well with the white plastered sides and with the extreme greenness of the lawn upon which the houses—about an hundred in number—were dotted about, here and there, irregularly. There are in this place, and in every other town which I saw in California, no streets, or fences (except here and there a small patch was fenced in for a garden), so that the houses are placed at random upon the green, which, as they are of one story and of the cottage form, gives them a pretty effect when seen from a little distance.

" 'It was a fine Saturday afternoon when we came to anchor, the sun about an hour high, and everything looking pleasantly. The Mexican flag was flying from the little square Presidio, and the drums and trumpets of the soldiers, who were out on parade, sounded over the water, and gave great life to the scene. Every one was delighted with the ap-

pearance of things. We felt as though we had got into a Christian country.' "

"And here," said Mr. Mather, turning a few more pages for Bob, "is another glimpse of old Monterey, then the capital of California."

" 'Monterey, as far as my observation goes, is decidedly the pleasantest and most civilized-looking place in California. In the centre of it is an open square, surrounded by four lines of one-story plastered buildings, with half a dozen cannon in the centre; some mounted, and others not. This is the Presidio, or fort. Every town has a presidio in its centre; or rather, every presidio has a town built around it; for the forts were first built by the Mexican government, and then the people built near them for protection. The Presidio here was entirely open and unfortified. There were several officers with long titles, and about eighty soldiers, but they were poorly paid, fed, clothed, and disciplined. The governor-general, or, as he is commonly called, the 'General,' lives here; which makes it the seat of government.

" 'But to return to Monterey. The houses here, as everywhere else in California, are of one story, built of clay made into large bricks, about a foot and a half square and three or four inches thick, and hardened in the sun. The floors are generally of earth, the windows grated and without glass; and the doors, which are seldom shut, open directly into the common room. There are two or three rooms

which open into each other, and are furnished with a bed or two, a few chairs and tables, a looking-glass, a crucifix of some material or other, and small daubs of paintings enclosed in glass, and representing some miracle or martyrdom. They have no chimneys or fire-places in the houses, the climate being such as to make fire unnecessary; and all their cooking is done in a small cook-house, separated from the house. The Indians do all the hard work, two or three being attached in each house; and the poorest persons are able to keep one, at least, for they have only to feed them and give them a small piece of coarse cloth and a belt, for the males; and a coarse gown, without shoes or stockings, for the females.'"

Mr. Mather took the book again, and as he turned the pages, he said: "Dana's ship came last of all to the San Diego harbor, although it lay to the south. His description of the site of the future lovely city, and of the Mission which even then was falling into ruin, is most interesting. Here it is, son."

"'There was no town in sight,'" read Bob, "'but on the smooth sand beach, abreast, and within a cable's length of which three vessels lay moored, were four large houses, built of rough boards, and looking like the great barns in which ice is stored on the borders of the large ponds near Boston; with piles of hides standing round them, and men in red shirts and large straw hats, walking in and out of the doors. These were the hide houses.'"

"Most of the trading done by these early ships,"

explained Mr. Mather, "was in hides. Years before, when the first Spanish and Mexicans had come into the country, they drove ahead of them both cattle and horses. Some of these had escaped to the hills, and become wild. They were the source of great numbers of wild stock which roam the back country to this day; at least, there are still wild horses in certain localities. A hundred years ago, a highly profitable trade sprang up in cowhides, many ships going—like that on which Dana sailed—clear around the Horn and back again. As to the horses, a large number of them were kept in a semibroken

There Are Wild Horses in Certain Localities

state around the pueblos, and were ridden by anybody who was willing to risk his neck. On the first day when Dana was granted shore leave, he started out on horseback to see the country; and he says (go on, Bob):

"'Horses are the cheapest thing in California; the very best not being worth more than ten dollars apiece, and very good ones being often sold for three, and four. In taking a day's ride, you pay for the use of the saddle, and for the labor and trouble of catching the horse. If you bring the saddle back safe, they care but little what becomes of the horse. Mounted on our horses, which were spirited beasts, and which, by the way, in this country, are always steered'" ["you can tell that is a sailor speaking!" said Bob] "'by pressing the contrary rein against the neck, and not by pulling on the bit—we started off on a fine run over the country.

"'The first place we went to was the old ruinous Presidio, which stands on a rising ground near the village, which it overlooks. It is built in the form of an open square, like all the other presidios, and was in a most ruinous state, with the exception of one side, in which the commandant lived, with his family. There were only two guns, one of which was spiked, and the other had no carriage. Twelve half-clothed and half-starved looking fellows composed the garrison; and they, it was said, had not a musket apiece. The small settlement lay directly below the fort, composed of about forty dark-brown

looking huts, or houses, and two larger ones. This town is not more than half as large as Monterey, or Santa Barbara, and has little or no business.

"'From the Presidio we rode off in the direction of the Mission which, we were told, was three miles distant. The country was rather sandy, and there was nothing for miles which could be called a tree, but the grass grew green and rank, and there were many bushes and thickets, and the soil is said to be good. After a pleasant ride of a couple of miles, we saw the white walls of the Mission, and fording a small river we came directly before it. The Mission is built of mud, or rather of the unburnt bricks of the country, and plastered. There was something decidedly striking in its appearance: a number of irregular buildings, connected with one another, and disposed in the form of a hollow square, with a church at one end rising above the rest, with a tower containing five belfries, in each of which hung a large bell, and with an immense rusty iron cross at the top. Just outside of the buildings and under the walls stood twenty or thirty small huts, built of straw and of the branches of trees, grouped together, in which a few Indians lived, under the protection and in the service of the Mission.'"

Mr. Mather again took the books, and as he turned its pages, said:

"The stillness of death reigned in the open square, says Mr. Dana, when they rode in. They saw only one tall monk in the dress of the Gray Friars, but he

passed rapidly through a gallery without noticing them. Finally they attracted the attention of another man, a sort of major-domo, who served them with an excellent dinner, and would not make any fixed charge for it, but accepted their freewill offering. Then, says the writer, 'taking leave of him we rode out to the Indians' huts. The little children were running about among the huts stark naked, and the men were not much better; but the women had generally coarse gowns of a sort of tow cloth. The men are employed, most of the time, in tending the cattle of the Mission, and in working in the garden, which is a very large one including several acres and filled, it is said, with the best fruits of the climate. The language of these people is the most brutish and inhuman language, without any exception, that I ever heard, or that could well be conceived of. It is a complete *slabber.*'

"This—" concluded Mr. Mather, just as the ship's bell sounded the hour of the evening meal,—"is a part of the graphic picture drawn by an American traveler of nearly a hundred years ago. He found California just at the crossroads—when the old mission life was passing away, and with it the unstable government set up by the Mexicans. A new order of things was dawning, and the padres were making their exit from the stage."

CHAPTER V

THE EARLY TOWNS

BOB and Marnie were tracing for the seventeenth time the route of their ship up the West Coast, and were full of questions as to the ports where they should touch.

"San Diego is the first," said Marnie, touching the map with her finger. "You were telling us about it yesterday, Daddy; and of what it looked like when Mr. Dana visited there, nearly a hundred years ago. But according to him, there wasn't much of a town then."

"No." agreed her father. "He went there just about the time the Mission was on its last legs, so to speak; and the town had hardly been begun. You see, the Spanish built both missions and pueblos, or towns. The latter were entirely under the control of the military or civil authorities, and were used as trading posts. About the time that Dana wrote, San Diego began to attract ships in the hide trade, and buildings began to spring up. Then, about ten years later when the Mexican War broke out, the fort and town saw some lively times. When the Americans came in, they built a modern fort and

laid out a modern city on the slope leading down so picturesquely to the bay. Their harbor, by the way, is one of the safest as well as most attractive on the Coast; and they boast one of the most equable climates in the world."

"Dad," said Bob in his turn, "you haven't told us anything about Los Angeles, the next place we stop at."

"Los Angeles wasn't a mission; it was just a pueblo established in 1781, like many others, as a sort of way station or base of supplies. It wasn't even on the ocean, and none of the old dons or padres doubtless dreamed that here would be a future great city. The nearest mission was that of San Gabriel, then as now, a few miles outside the town. But as the little pueblo struggled along into a township, the people objected to having to go so far for mass, and it was decided to build a plaza church here. Its formal title was 'The Church of Nuestra Señora, Reina de Los Angeles'—or 'Our Lady of the Angels,' as it was soon shortened into. This little church, which is still standing, was dedicated in 1822—just a little over a century ago."

"And that—" said Marnie—"is how Los Angeles got its name? I've often wondered."

"Yes, that is where it got its name. For many years it remained little more than a village, although it alternated with Monterey the dignity of being the Mexican capital of the province. By the year 1850 it is said to have had only some 1,600 inhabitants,

but was becoming favorably known as the center of a fruit-growing country. But Los Angeles didn't start to grow into a big city until after the very recent year of 1885, when railroads from the East at last penetrated her mountain ranges."

"But, Dad," said Bob, "if Los Angeles is away from the ocean, how can it be a port?"

"That," laughed Mr. Mather, "is what some folks call California enterprise. About fifteen miles away from the growing young city is San Pedro, where there is excellent anchorage. So what more simple than for Los Angeles to reach out and annex San Pedro. That is where our ship will dock for a day. And to make the port doubly her own, Los Angeles has run a strip of city territory right down to the port—the 'Shoestring,' some call it.

"The last port reached by our ship is San Francisco, and I suppose you want to know about that, too—so here goes. This magnificent, landlocked harbor was long undiscovered by the early explorers—or, if they did find it, they said nothing about it. The chief northern port for a long time was Monterey.

"As the line of missions extended farther and farther to the north, under the tireless efforts of Father Serra, he was much disturbed that none so far bore the name of the head of their order, St. Francis. He voiced this feeling to Galvez, the military head, who replied, 'If St. Francis wishes a mission, let him show you a good port, and then let

it bear his name.' So when, in 1769, Portolá returned south with the news of this great inland bay, Serra crossed himself and exclaimed, 'This is the port to which the Saint has led us!'

"They lost no time in building a church and fort here, as the soldiers also saw at once the great strategic value of the spot. The chapel afterwards came to be called Mission Dolores, but the town was San Francisco. It was settled in 1776—Independence year. They built wooden shacks for the soldiers, and a large warehouse by the water's edge for storing supplies. In the center of the plaza was a more imposing house where lived the military officer; and near by was the little Mission. The ground, as you know, slopes up sharply from the water to high hills—a spot naturally scenic and commanding. The great bay in front reaches out to the sea through a narrow channel, and that is why it remained for so long undiscovered. The passage, about a mile wide, is known around the world as 'Golden Gate.'"

"Where did it get its name, Daddy?" asked Marnie.

"General Frémont first called it that, I believe; although some folks have thought it had reference to the later discovery of gold in California. I shall tell you about Frémont and the gold, too, later on.

"If you had been sailing into that harbor a hundred years ago, instead of the present year, you would have seen possibly a hundred houses of all

sizes and styles scattered along the upland. At the center were the Presidio and Mission; and over all flew the Spanish flag. For a time the town was called Yerba Buena, which is Spanish for 'good herb', but in 1847, when it was passing into American hands, it took the name of the Presidio San Francisco. Even at this early time the town was beginning to take on grown-up airs. They established a public school and a newspaper. And in just a few short months when the magic word, 'Gold,' came upon people's tongues, San Francisco became overnight a magnet for the whole civilized world. But that story I shall have to keep for another time."

CHAPTER VI

FREMONT COMES ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

THE next day there was no story-telling for the Mather family. It had been a wonderful day with too much to see, to turn aside to other things. The good ship had been passing through the Panama Canal—first the Gatun locks in which the ship was lifted as though it had been a chip to a height of eighty-five feet, the level of Gatun Lake; then the wonderful Gaillard Cut and the Pedro Miguel and Miraflores locks which lowered them again to the level of the Pacific; then sightseeing in the picturesque town of Balboa. But what thrilled the children most of all was the sight of the Pacific, and the thought that they were on the last leg of their voyage to their new home.

"Tell you what," said Bob, "I feel like old man Balboa, when he first sighted the ocean!"

It was toward the close of their first day headed north; but, as Mr. Mather pointed out to them, they were still a long way from home. "Why," he said, "it will take over a week of constant sailing just to reach the lower tip of California!"

"Well, why worry?" asked Marnie. "It will give

THEY OWNED CATTLE

us just that much longer to enjoy the voyage; and besides I want to hear how California became a part of the United States, before I get there. For all *I* know, we might see the Spanish or the Mexican flag still waving on the tops of the old presidios!"

"Just so," laughed her father. "We must make sure to get those flags down, before our ship comes to anchor. Let me see—to begin where I left off.

"The period just one hundred years ago, that Dana and others tell about, was one of political unrest in California. The Spanish governors, who held office from about 1770 to 1820, were succeeded by Mexi-

can governors who ruled for the next twenty-five years. It was during their tenure that the property of the padres was taken away from them—and at the very height of its prosperity. At the beginning of 1834, says one writer,[1] the padres 'reigned over 30,000 neophytes, who tilled their fields (some of which yielded two crops a year), herded their flocks and cattle, and increased the value of those vast properties year by year. They owned, when the shadow of secularization arose, more than 420,000 cattle, 60,000 horses, 320,000 sheep, goats, and hogs. In 1834 they slaughtered over 100,000 cattle for the sake of the hides, in such demand by the traders.' And as soon as it became evident that the state would get control of their property, they began a systematic work of destruction. So many cattle were killed just for the sake of their hides that, years after, their bleaching bones dotted the hillsides and ranchers used the skulls with their branching horns to make fences!

"Another great industry which sprang up about this time, on the Pacific Coast, was whaling. Hundreds of sperm whales were chased and slaughtered for their oil. You know, this was before the day of kerosene, or electricity, and folks used the whale oil for their lamps. More and more ships came into these waters—some American, and others flying British, Russian, and other flags. The United States soon saw that California would be a rich prize for some nation stronger than the Mexican; and our

[1] Gertrude Atherton: "California."

statesmen were afraid that England would seize it, especially since Mexico then owed that country a great deal of money.

"As one after another of our frontiersmen, such as Kit Carson, Frémont, and others, began to tell the rest of America about this new country—the fertility of its soil, the mildness of its climate, and its wonderful opportunities as a ranching and cattle-grazing land,—the United States, from private citizen to public official, began to covet it. In fact, we tried to buy it outright, in 1835, but Mexico would not even consider the proposition.

"It was about this time, too, that settlers began to make their way across the plains—first in ones and twos, and then in increasing numbers. They came across on the famous Oregon Trail to the Northwest, and also down into the Sacramento Valley. The Mexican governors did not welcome these newcomers, but saw no way to put them out, without precipitating actual war.

"I must stop to tell you about two remarkable men, who had no little to do with the Americanization of California. The first of these was Captain John A. Sutter, who had come to the United States as a young man, from Baden. He had been a rover and trader—one of those men who didn't like to be 'crowded' and felt impelled to move on, if a neighbor came within twenty miles of him. He went from Missouri to the Northwest, and thence to Hawaii; but came back to the Bay of San Fran-

cisco, in the year 1839. Captain Sutter was a man of some means, and of great energy. He now decided that California was the coming country, and brought with him a band of colonists, twelve men and two women. But as he had no license, or permit, the authorities would not allow him to land.

"Captain Sutter did not hesitate. He went straight to the governor himself, Alvarado by name, and proposed a bargain.

"'Your Excellency,' he said, 'I have been told that the northern part of your country is infested by wild savages and outlaws. Give me leave to build a fort up there, and I will guarantee to keep the peace.'

"The governor eyed him keenly; he saw a resolute man of between thirty-five and forty who meant what he said. 'Sit down,' he said, 'and let us talk this thing over.'

"The result of their long conversation was that Sutter was given a grant of land on the Sacramento River, and made a representative of the government. Sutter lost no time in building his fort, which was known for long years afterwards as Sutter's Fort, and which played an important part in later affairs. It was stoutly constructed of logs, and armed with good-sized guns obtained from an abandoned Russian colony to the north. A stockade surrounded it. All about them were the wild fastnesses of the Sierras; but the little colony was undaunted. Sutter obtained the services of some rough-and-ready

woodsmen, and he soon became a terror to the prowling Indians, outlaws, and cattle thieves who had been roaming at large in the unsettled country. He meted out justice like a feudal baron, and presently began to bring order out of chaos. He even set up a school—one of the first in that section of the

Whales Were Chased for Their Sperm Oil

country. Governor Alvarado was well satisfied with his bargain, and gave Captain Sutter all the 'rope' he wanted. But he was not so well pleased with the next determined man who came his way from the States.

"This man was the famous Frémont—then only

a young captain, but later the brilliant general and candidate for President. Frémont's name will always be linked with that of California. He was a dashing young army officer and skilled plainsman—a born explorer and adventurer. He was slender but well proportioned, with a flashing eye and an air of command which made his men follow him unquestioningly anywhere. In the height of his fame his name was a household word all over the United States, because of his exploits on the Western plains. When only twenty-three, 'The Pathfinder,' as he was nicknamed, went as a lieutenant with a party of engineers to explore the passes of the Rocky Mountains leading to the Northwest. A mountain peak still bears his name. They were paving the way for the lumbering prairie schooners of a few years later.

"This was the first of three such expeditions sent out into the unknown country, and we can well believe that the young explorer and his associates found adventure a-plenty. Dangers of every sort confronted them—raids by hostile Indians, prowling wild beasts, arid deserts, pathless forests, inaccessible peaks. Frémont wrote back reports of these happenings in such vivid style, that the Government lost no time in publishing his stories and distributing them widely. This was done to attract settlers to the great West, and it accomplished its purpose; and more than this, it put the author's name on every tongue.

"Such was the man who, in 1845, came into Cali-

fornia and confronted Alvarado and the other officials. He first stopped at Sutter's Fort, where the two keen frontiersmen greeted each other in the friendliest spirit and doubtless found much to talk about. Thence he rode down to Monterey to see our American consul, Mr. Larkin, whose name you will also find frequently mentioned in the stormy times which followed. Larkin it was who took him to call formally upon the Mexican authorities—Alvarado and Castro—and explain his purpose in entering the country.

"'Sirs,' he said, 'I bring you greetings from the friendly Government at Washington. I have been sent to survey the shortest route across the Western Plains to the Pacific Ocean, and to find a suitable pass through the mountains. This expedition is peaceful and in the interests of both trade and science. What I now seek is permission to bring my party here for rest and refitting.'

"'How many are there?' queried Alvarado.

"'Only about sixty—hunters and trappers like myself.'

"Alvarado and Castro exchanged glances. The entire Mexican army, so called, numbered only about three hundred, in California. And they were not quite so sure about the peaceable disposition of these 'hunters and trappers.' Still they dissembled; matters were just then at a hair-trigger point between the two countries, and they did not want to have a break with this officer of the U. S. Army.

"While they hesitated and debated, Captain Frémont made a rash remark. 'This new route through the mountains is needed,' he stated. 'We expect ten thousand Americans to emigrate to Oregon and California in the Spring!'

"If he had exploded a bomb under their chairs, he couldn't have startled them more. But they concealed their discomfiture, and grudgingly gave him the desired permission to bring in his men for a temporary camp near San José. This he lost no time in doing.

"After he had left them, Alvarado and Castro put their heads together. The more they talked it over, the less they liked the idea of a road being blazed through the Sierras for thousands of 'Gringos.' 'We must get rid of this fellow, before something worse happens,' they agreed. So Castro wrote a peremptory note to Frémont, ordering him out of the country. But this was easier said than done. Frémont had no intention of leaving just then—certainly not of being driven out. He felt that it was an insult to his Government.

"His answer was to take his men up on a hill overlooking the Mission San Juan Bautista, with San José in the distance. The fiery General Castro had his residence near this Mission, and we can imagine his rage and chagrin when, one morning early, he saw on the heights above him a tight little fort with the Stars and Stripes floating proudly from its peaks. It was the first time our flag had

been hoisted over an armed camp in California, and it marked the beginning of another era.

"As Frémont and his men watched the scene below they must have got a sort of grim amusement out of it. It was like overturning an ant hill. Out came the inhabitants swarming in every direction. Bugles sounded from the plaza. Soldiers dashed in and out bearing orders from the General. Rancheros galloped up and gesticulated wildly. They could be seen waving their fists in the direction of the American camp, and Frémont's men knew with-

Two Horsemen Dashed into Camp

out being told that the air was full of curses hurled against the rascally Gringos.

"All morning long this kept up, and by early afternoon a good-sized troop of cavalry were in line in the little city square. Then a bugle sounded, and up they rode in the direction of the defiant hilltop. But it was another case of the King of France who with 'twenty thousand men rode up the hill, and then rode down again!' The Mexicans came up with a flourish, shouting and waving their weapons. The little fort sat silent, its flag giving the only answer. Nearer came the soldiers—then, just as suddenly, they turned around and rode back, without firing a shot.

"To tell the truth, Frémont was disappointed at this. He was really looking for a fight, but he wanted the Mexicans to strike the first blow. That would have given him an excuse to organize all the Americans in California, to throw off the Mexican yoke. Castro, however, was shrewd enough to see this, and he in turn now bided his time.

"After a few days of a sort of armed truce, Frémont broke camp and marched northward up the Sacramento Valley. He took his time about it and was unmolested, except for a few brushes with hostile Indians who infested the region. After stopping for a few days again at Sutter's Fort, he went on toward Oregon and pitched camp at Klamath Lake. He had announced his return to the States, and apparently was through with the California muddle,

at least for the present. But Frémont was only a pawn in a mighty chess game now being played by two nations; it aimed for the future control of both Texas and California—and it was his next move!

"One morning, two horsemen dashed into camp at Klamath Lake, their steeds covered with foam. They dismounted at Frémont's tent, and saluted. 'You are wanted, sir, to the south,' they said. 'An army officer has been trying to reach you with important messages. He is now about forty-five miles away, and the woods are fairly swarming with redskins.'

"Frémont's answer was a bugle call to boots and saddles, and after a hasty breakfast they were off. All day they rode south, keeping a wary lookout for the savages, and toward nightfall a cheery shout advised them they were within sight of the other camp. The officer there was Lieutenant Gillespie, whose journey west alone would be the subject of a fine story. He had left Washington weeks before, bearing letters and secret messages to Frémont, and had come across continent on horseback by way of Mexico and up the long reaches of California, braving many dangers and hardships. The most important of his messages he had committed to memory, to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands.

"Just exactly what those messages were no one will ever know. They were kept a profound secret. But from later events we can guess their contents. Frémont was to be left to his own discretion. If the

threatened war should break out, he was to maintain our rights on the Coast. For an hour or more the two officers talked, out there under the shadow of the great redwood trees, and at the end Frémont straightened up with a glint of determination in his eyes. 'I knew,' he said later, 'that my hour had come!'

"Back he marched to Sutter's Fort, where he encamped and for the time was quiet. But his men went out in ones and twos to advise the settlers of his presence, and telling them not to allow themselves to be driven out of the country by the Mexicans. The time was June, 1846. The war clouds down in Texas were gathering thick and fast.[1] All sorts of rumors were in the air; and you must remember that this was before the time of the telegraph or railroad. It took weeks for news to get across to the remote Pacific Coast. Frémont and all the other Americans must be 'on their toes'—and they were.

"The camp at Sutter's Fort was well located. It soon became the rallying point of scores of determined-looking men, who rode in and out at all hours of the day. Further, it was in easy striking distance of the San Francisco harber, the finest port on the Pacific, and one that England had long been suspected of coveting. In the event of war, what would be easier than for Mexico to relinquish this important point to England in payment of other

[1] See "Texas" in this series.

THE MEXICANS CAME UP WITH A FLOURISH

[See page 70]

debts, or on promise of England's further support? This was only one of the many possible moves on the great chessboard. At San Francisco and Monterey were two or three American warships and at least one British ship, but their commanders, like Frémont, were without definite orders until war had actually broken out. It was a curious situation with nobody willing to strike the first blow.

"But I will tell you what happened, to-morrow," concluded Mr. Mather. "Let's stir around a bit. Your mother and I will challenge you two youngsters to a game of ringtoss."

CHAPTER VII

THE BEAR FLAG REVOLUTION

THE next afternoon as the good ship made its way up the Central American Coast—one of those typical lazy days at sea when only an occasional gull or flying fish broke the outer stillness—the Mathers found themselves in their favored spot under the grateful shade of an awning aft, and Bob and Marnie lost no time in calling for the promised story.

"What happened next, Daddy?" they pleaded. "If Castro wouldn't fight, and Frémont wouldn't fight, how did there come to be any fighting at all?"

"Just so," agreed their father, smilingly. "This brings us to one of the most interesting episodes in California history; it sounds almost like an act from a comic opera, only it wasn't so funny to the actors taking part in it. They called it, afterwards, the 'Bear Flag Revolution.'

"Now let's look at the situation again: Here were the Mexican soldiers—a ragged lot—and the Californians of Spanish blood—some of them well-to-do and aristocratic, others of mixed blood, as they had intermarried with the Indians—shaking their

fists at the Americans and vowing that they must become Mexican citizens and good Catholics, or leave the country. And here were the American and English ships hovering just off the coast like dogs waiting to pick up stray bones. Everybody had a chip on his shoulder and was daring everybody else to knock it off.

"Among the ones most concerned were the American settlers, who were threatened with the loss of their ranches. As they came daily to Frémont for advice, he said: 'It is only a question of time until you will either have to fight, or get out; and if you fight you will need horses. So will Castro's men. My advice is to give him all the trouble possible, and to prevent him from rounding up the horses in this part of the country.'

"Castro then had his headquarters at Santa Clara, and was busy getting together men, horses, and supplies. The Americans, taking the hint from Captain Frémont, kept their eyes open. One day they saw a small party of Californians driving a large number of horses south, and fording the Sacramento River not far from Sutter's Fort.

"'There's our meat, fellows!' said one bold settler, named Merritt; and instantly a score or more of the Americans dashed down upon the unsuspecting Californians. Whooping and yelling in true cowboy style, they turned back the horses at the ford, and then confronted the Mexican leader, who sat sullenly in his saddle with his hand on his pistol.

"'Never mind about your gun, pardner,' said Merritt with a drawl. 'We haven't any fight with you; we just need your horses worse than you do. You can go on back to General Castro and tell him we've got them, and if he wants them, to come and get them!'

"The Californians saw that they were outnumbered, and there was nothing left but to ride away empty-handed. The news of this raid quickly spread through the valley, and the settlers now felt sure that Castro would strike. So they resolved to 'beat him to it,' as they said. Frémont, being an officer in the army, could not lend them official aid, but there is no doubt he advised them.

"One of the nearest Mexican military posts was at Sonoma at the north of San Pablo Bay. General Vallejo was in command but, as usual, he had only a handful of soldiers.

"'Let's pay a social visit to old Vallejo,' said the settlers—Merritt, Ide, Semple, and others. The idea caught on, and soon there were a hundred or more frontiersmen in the saddle—and they had plenty of horses. One dark night they quietly collected, and just before dawn rode into the little plaza at Sonoma. A few barking dogs were the first warning of their approach. Without hindrance they made their way into the barracks and straight up to the adobe house occupied by the General, where they rapped loudly on the door.

"'Who's there?' asked a sleepy voice in Spanish.

THE AMERICANS TURNED BACK THE HORSES AT THE FORD
[See page 77]

"'Visitors, and we want to come in!' answered the leaders.

"Vallejo swore at being disturbed at such an unearthly hour, but when he looked out of the window he saw the whole square full of soldiers, and his own small guard backed off into a corner.

"'Come in, gentlemen,' he said, resignedly, 'and have a glass of wine with me!'

"Merritt, Ide, and Semple went in, and the Spanish officer greeted them quizzically. 'To whom have I the honor of surrendering—if surrender it must be?' he asked; 'the Government of the United States?'

"The question stumped them; they had not got that far with their plans. 'No,' they answered evasively; 'we are acting for ourselves—the American settlers. General Castro threatens to seize our lands and ride us out of the country. He can't do it, that's all. As for you, sir, we will protect your person. But you must come with us as our prisoner. And the Mexican flag will come down from this fort.'

"'But—if I may ask'—said the shrewd General with studied politeness—'what flag will you raise in its place?'

"That stumped them again. They had no authority to raise the American flag; and Captain Frémont was not with them, to advise. While one or two of them stayed with the General and sipped his wine—perhaps drank more than was good for

them—the others got together like a bunch of football players to agree upon signals for the next play. Some were for backing out, and merely holding the officer as a hostage. But Ide jumped up on a box and made a speech.

"'Men, we've gone too far to back out now!' he cried. 'We're one thing or the other—either horse thieves, or honest-to-goodness revolutionists!'

"'That's right!' agreed others; 'but what about our flag?'

"'We'll make one,' said a fellow in the corner—a long, lank, hairy farmer named Todd. He claimed to be kin to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, and in build he was not unlike her famous husband, the Rail-splitter. 'Give me time,' continued Todd, 'and I'll make you a flag.'

"So this masculine Betsey Ross got hold of an empty flour sack, smoothed and cut it to the right size; edged it with a piece of a red flannel shirt; cut out a star and fastened it in an upper outside corner; and then took some black paint and drew the rearing figure of a bear, and underneath printed the proud legend: 'CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC.'

"The others watched the proceeding with breathless interest, and before the paint was dry they had hauled down the Mexican colors and hoisted the flag of the newborn republic to the breeze.

"'There's your flags!' they said to General Vallejo, triumphantly.

"It was the morning of June 14, 1846."

"That was like the Lone Star flag in Texas," said Marnie.

"A little bit," replied her father; "only down there the Texans held their separate republic for several years;[1] while here it was just a stop-gap. The settlers wanted to raise the Stars and Stripes,

He Drew the Rearing Figure of a Bear

but I guess Captain Frémont made it clear to them that his hands were tied until the outbreak of actual hostilities. As a matter of fact, war had actually begun down on the Rio Grande, but he had no way of getting word of it. Now if only Castro would get angry enough to march up and demand the sur-

[1] See "Texas," in this series, for details of the Mexican War.

render of Vallejo, there would be real fighting, and Frémont himself would be justified in coming out into the open.

"But again Castro refused to be drawn into open conflict. He saw that the American forces were quite as great as his own, and were better equipped —perhaps better fighters, although his Spanish pride refused to admit that. He bided his time, and Frémont in the north chafted at inaction. The leaders of the 'Bear Flag Revolution' besought him hourly to take sides. There was a good deal of jealousy among them, and they preferred the authority of an officer of the United States, to one of their number.

"Meanwhile, there had been one actual encounter between their forces and the Californians. It took place north of San Francisco, near San Rafael. At the first shots the Mexicans lost two killed and several wounded, and soon retreated before the more accurate fire of the frontiersmen, none of whom was injured. This was the first blood shed in the 'Revolution.' As soon as Captain Frémont heard of this he decided to act, even without definite orders from Washington. The settlers would be in danger from a superior force at the south. A great cheer went up from the little camp at Sonoma one day when he came riding in with his men, and the good old flag flying. They lost no time in proclaiming him their leader, and in declaring the 'California Republic' at an end. It was probably the shortest lived republic in existence.

"Things moved pretty rapidly after this. News finally filtered in that fighting was going on, down in Texas. It reached the ships first, and Commodore Sloat, in command of the American ships there, sailed boldly into the Bay of Monterey, disembarked his men, and marched up to the Mexican customhouse. In another hour the colors had been lowered, and this time it was not the Bear flag but the Stars and Stripes which flaunted in the breeze. This was on the 7th day of July, so they came near celebrating the Independence Day of our nation. One reason for Sloat's prompt action was to forestall the British commander who lay in the offing. When the latter sailed in, nine days later, the Americans were intrenched and prepared to give battle if necessary; so the British wisely withdrew, and that was their last gesture along the California coast.

"One by one other little forts and pueblos were seized. Frémont at this time had fewer than two hundred men, but volunteers were coming in daily. They organized 'The Battalion of California Volunteers' and every man jack of them could hit a silver dollar at a hundred paces. They soon came to be nicknamed 'Frémont's Battalion,' and I have lately been reading a description of them in the field, by an eye-witness. 'Frémont rode ahead,' he says, 'a spare, active-looking man. He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians who were his body-

guard, and had been with him in all his wanderings. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle being held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle.'

"Such was the formidable little force before which Castro sullenly retreated farther and farther to the south, at last making his headquarters in the little town of Los Angeles. But his position was threatened by both sea and land, as some of the volunteers were being taken south on the ships, landing at both San Diego and San Pedro. The American commander, Stockton, now sent word ahead demanding Castro's surrender. The latter was in such dire straits for ammunition and supplies that he had only two courses open—to surrender or retreat. He chose the latter, and the volunteer army entered Los Angeles in triumph, on August 13.

"A temporary government was set up and martial law was proclaimed to the effect that 'all persons who, without special permission, are found with arms outside their own houses will be considered as enemies, and will be shipped out of the country.' Lieutenant Gillespie—the same man who had borne the dispatches across the continent to Frémont—was left in charge of affairs with a small force, but he soon found himself, in turn, in a hornets' nest. The Californians—that is, the Spanish stock,—were a proud and brave people. There is no doubt that, if they had been backed up by Mexico, they would have fought to the last ditch

THERE HAD BEEN AN ACTUAL ENCOUNTER

for their land. But Mexico needed every available man at home for her own war. As it was, they scoured the back country, rounding up the Spanish, half-breeds, and Indians to drive out the invader. In a few weeks they appeared before Los Angeles in force, and Gillespie in turn had to retreat.

"There were two or three spirited fights between scattered forces of the Californians and the Volunteers, and the contest might have dragged on for months, had not a new actor entered the scene. This was General Kearny, who had just completed his

conquest of New Mexico and was coming to California with full powers from Washington, to take possession. His forces joining with those of Frémont, Sloat, and Stockton, turned the tide.

"The brave Californians fought with their backs to the wall, literally, for they were driven in small bands here and there into the hills. Finally the remnant laid down their arms, on January 13, 1847, and California passed forever from Spanish control. The war here was ended, in fact, months before the larger one in Mexico. Our victorious troops did not enter the City of Mexico until in September; and on February 2, 1848—nearly a year after the fighting was over out on the Coast—a formal treaty of peace was ratified, which gave to the United States New Mexico, California, and other Western territory.

"So there, youngsters—even if our boat should dock to-morrow, which it won't—you may rest assured that you will find the Stars and Stripes waiting to greet you in California!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE GOLD RUSH OF '49

"AND now," said Mr. Mather the next afternoon when they had gathered together for their usual story-telling hour, "I am going to tell you about the most dramatic incident in the whole story of California. On nearly every tongue around the world the name: 'California,' was associated with that magic word, 'Gold.' The El Dorado which every adventurer had been seeking in the New World since the days of Columbus was found at last. It seemed the irony of fate, also, that the great discovery was made within a few months after the country had passed into American hands. Spain had been seeking gold here for centuries. Her descendants in Mexico had no sooner hauled down their flag on the Coast than the astounding news flew everywhere: 'Gold has been found in California!'

"The way in which it came about was prosaic enough. Captain Sutter was taking his ease, one fine day, in his tight little fort on the Sacramento, when a newcomer in the country asked to see him. The man gave his name as Marshall—James W.

Marshall—and he hailed from New Jersey, clear over on the other side of the continent. Marshall had a scheme which interested the shrewd Captain. There was so much building going on in San Francisco and other places, that lumber was at a premium.

" 'Let's go up into the Sierras,' advised Marshall, 'and set up a sawmill. We can get all the lumber we want, just for the cutting. We can get all the power we want to drive our mill from the river. And we can float the lumber downstream to any point needed. It can be sawed cheap, and it ought to fetch a fancy price.'

"The two men talked the scheme over at length, and the more they talked the better it sounded. At last—'Go ahead,' said Sutter, 'and I'll furnish the men and supplies.' Marshall lost no time in getting organized. Taking with him six white men and twice as many Indians, he drove wagons along a rough road following the swift mountain stream up and up into the foothills. When they had reached a spot about fifty miles away from the fort, where the dashing river promised a good 'head' for their mill, they set to work felling trees and building their mill and dam.

"They spent several weeks in this arduous work, and soon the dam was high enough to force the water through a short race and over the mill wheel. Things looked very promising to Marshall when, one evening, after the day's work was done he

turned off the water and inspected the race. This ditch, he decided, was too narrow to carry off the full stream, and he was considering ways and means to enlarge it, when his eye caught sight of some shining yellow particles in the now dry bed of the race. Here, yonder, and on all sides they shone invitingly. They had been either carried down or washed out by the swiftly rushing water from above.

"Marshall glanced quickly around to see if he was being watched, but the tired men were all away resting or at supper. So he made haste to scoop up as many of the yellow bits as he could, put them in his pocket, and turned some water back into the race to cover up his find.

"Saying nothing to anybody at the mill about it, he mounted his horse, early the next morning, and rode down to Sutter's Fort.

" 'What's up?' asked the Captain, when he sighted him.

" 'Oh, just came down to get some goods and tell you how things are getting along," answered Marshall casually, for the benefit of anybody who might be listening. But a glance of his eye told Sutter that he wanted to see him alone.

"The Captain led the way into his private office and closed and locked the door. 'Now what's on your mind?' he asked.

"For reply, Marshall emptied his pocket of the tiny pieces of yellow metal. 'Found 'em in the

mill race,' he said laconically. 'What do you think of 'em?'

"Sutter picked up some of them doubtfully. 'Looks a heap like gold,' he said; 'but you know how many fools have been taken in by pyrites.'

"The other nodded, and the two men continued to weigh and test the tiny nuggets.

" 'Wait a minute,' said Sutter. 'I've got a book here that tells all about tests for gold.' He produced a volume from his shelves. 'It says,' he continued, after turning the leaves for a few minutes, 'that gold will resist aquafortis, which is an acid. Now I have some of that stuff right here, and we'll just try it out.'

"They did so, and the metal withstood every test; it was undoubtedly gold. Still they refused to get excited. There might not be much of it, they reasoned—just a trace brought down from nobody knew where in the mountains. It would be a lot more profitable for them to go ahead with their mill, rather than chase all over the country searching for gold. So they decided to keep quiet about it, and go ahead with their own plans.

"But they soon found that keeping such a secret was impossible. Not many days after Marshall returned to the mill, his men learned of his find, and although he belittled it, they began searching during every odd moment for more traces. They found them in other exposed places along the banks of the stream. Soon the great news filtered out of

the little camp—down to Sutter's Fort—then to San Francisco—and eventually to the four quarters of the globe.

"As for Sutter's men they deserted him in a body, and with every other able-bodied man who could handle a tool went posthaste up into 'the Diggings.' The ordinary work of the farmer, mechanic, sailor, soldier, and even professional men, was suspended. Everybody had caught the gold fever, and they had it bad.

"And no wonder—for gold in rich quantities was soon found at several points along the river between

He Scooped Up the Yellow Bits

the fort and the mill, and in the gulches above. Soon miners began to come back to San Francisco for supplies, carrying well-filled pouches of the precious metal. Men who, before that, could not boast a dollar to their names, now began to take on the airs of wealthy nabobs. They were followed by others and still others—all spending their gold dust recklessly in store or saloon or gambling hall, and telling marvelous tales of their strikes. On every side nothing could be heard but the one word, *gold, gold, gold!*

"Most of the business houses in San Francisco and Monterey had to close up. There weren't enough men, or even half-grown boys, to run them. The editors of the two little pioneer papers also shut up shop and put picks and shovels on their backs. The sailors in the ships deserted. Soldiers risked court-martialing to desert. Out on the ranches only women and children were left to do the work. In one short month everything in the existing order of things had been turned upside down.

"To add to the confusion, the land was speedily filled with newcomers seeking gold. They came from everywhere: over the mountains; from the Oregon country; from Lower California; through the Golden Gate (oh, the magic of that name!) by ship. The telegraph had not yet been invented, but when one man whispers, *Gold,* another man seems to hear him a thousand miles away!

"They came from every walk of life, from min-

isters, lawyers, doctors, clerks—to gamblers and horse thieves. Law and order were for a time forgotten in the mad scramble for gold, and men's lives were held cheaply indeed. It was a wild and reckless period about which many tales have been told.

"As more and more vessels anchored in the Bay of San Francisco, the few merchants remaining there shrewdly saw that there might be as much gain in selling supplies and luxuries, as in digging gold. Or—to put it another way—they decided to dig their own gold out of the miner's pockets; and they did. Prices went soaring. Picks, shovels, pans, and 'rockers' were worth almost their weight in gold. So were articles of clothing—and no wonder—for the immigrants came pouring in by the thousands, and all wanted to be outfitted at once.

"Shacks began to spring up everywhere in this busy little town which had been named for the good Saint Francis; and just now its inhabitants were anything but saintly. The miners who came back with their pockets full of 'dust' demanded amusement and were willing to pay royally for it. Soon there were more saloons and gambling halls than dwellings, and they were wide open for the full twenty-four hours of the day. Fortunes were made and lost at the gaming tables. Men would come in with thousands of dollars worth of nuggets one day, and would start back for the hills on the next, empty-handed.

"This was in the summer of 1849—a time that

will always live in the history of the entire West as 'the days of '49.' In the Spring of that year San Francisco was a sleepy town of a few hundred people. By midsummer it contained five thousand; and by October, twenty-five thousand. Up the rising ground from the busy water front the streets were hastily surveyed, and quite as hastily built up with every manner of shelter—brick, adobe, slabs, canvas, even the limbs of trees. Sidewalks were constructed of planking, but under the tread of thousands of feet they soon became yawning traps for the drunk or unwary. The middles of the streets were sloughs of mud.

"Along the streets you would see silk hats, broadcloth, and 'boiled shirts' from back East rubbing elbows familiarly with flannel shirts, chaps, and sombreros. It was hail fellow well met, and the magic password was 'Gold!' Here were men literally from the four corners of the globe—Chinese, Japanese, Malays, East Indians, Spanish, Italian, Peruvians, Chileans, Russians, Englishmen, Americans,—what not—reminding one of the Tower of Babel.

"It is not surprising that for a time there was little or no local government in the town. But things soon came to a climax when a band of thieves and desperadoes, calling themselves 'The Regulators,' began to terrorize the whole community. Then the better class of citizens organized a 'Vigilance Committee' and drove the gangsters out. A

semblance of order then prevailed, but it was far from what we of to-day would call 'civilized.'

"To add to the excitement of living in this mining town, San Francisco had five disastrous fires within a year and a half, one of which nearly burned it to the ground. But in the flames was consumed a vast amount of trash and filth which had accumulated, and a bad epidemic was doubtless averted by the onsweeping fire. From the ruins a new and better-built city gradually rose up; and the common danger made the citizens unite for a better organization and better laws.

A Miner Washed Eighty-two Dollars a Day

"Meanwhile, back in 'the Diggings' men were still working furiously—some successfully, some otherwise. Claims were staked out in every direction, and of course many of these were worthless. But where pay dirt was struck, the yields were handsome. Mr. Larkin, who had been the United States Consul in California when it was Mexican territory, thus describes one of the most famous places, called the 'Mormon Diggings.'"

Mr. Mather drew a book out of his pocket, and read as follows: "'At my camping place I found forty or fifty tents, mostly occupied by Americans, strewn about the hillsides next the river. I spent two nights in company with eight Americans, two of whom were sailors, two carpenters, one a clerk, and three common laborers. With two machines called cradles these men made fifty dollars each per day. Another miner had washed out, with a common tin pan, gold to the value of eighty-two dollars in a single day.'"

As Mr. Mather closed his book and paused for breath, Bob gave a low whistle. "Gee whiz, Dad!" he exclaimed; "I think we are getting to California twenty minutes late!"

They all laughed at this; then Marnie asked quietly: "But what became of the two men who first found the gold—Sutter and Marshall? Did they become rich and live happy ever after, just like in the storybooks?"

"No, strange as it may sound, they both died in

poverty. Marshall struck to his original idea of a sawmill too long—until the best claims were taken up all around him. He tried mining for a time, but never made a success of it. He was one of these rolling stones which gather no moss. Some years later, after California had become a State, the legislature gave him a pension, in recognition of his discovery of gold; but this was allowed to lapse after a while, and he wandered back up into the mountains, doubtless dreaming of the gold which he had first found in its silent pockets—now, alas, empty. In a little cabin with only the barest necessities of life the old man spent his last days, and died unnoticed and uncared for. Then, a few years later, California suddenly remembered him again, and erected over his grave a big bronze statue. It is a mute and lasting memorial of a man who found great riches for others, but starved to death, himself!"

"Oh!" breathed Marnie; "that doesn't seem fair! But what about Captain Sutter?"

"I am sorry to say that he died poor, too. He had a strange and checkered career. For a time his holdings were vast. His original grants comprised thousands of acres of rich timberlands, and he reigned over them like a feudal lord. He had his own little army, and made his own laws. When the gold was discovered, he went ahead with his plans for building both a sawmill and a gristmill. The latter proved a success, and he charged fancy prices

for his flour. He disdained to wield a shovel or pick himself, but he sold all sorts of supplies and at high prices.

"Colonel Mason, who was then military governor, thus writes; 'Along the whole route' (that is, to the Diggings) 'mills were lying idle, fields of wheat were open to cattle and horses, houses vacant, and farms going to waste. At Sutter's there was more life and business. Launches were discharging their cargoes at the river, and carts were hauling goods to the fort, where were already established several stores, a hotel, etc. Captain Sutter had only two mechanics in his employ, whom he was then paying ten dollars a day. Merchants pay him a monthly rent of one hundred dollars per room; and while I was there a two-story house in the fort was rented as a hotel for five hundred dollars a month.'

"Seeing this boom in real estate, Sutter was seized with another idea. He decided to lay out a town, which, as it was nearer to the Diggings than San Francisco, would speedily outstrip it. So on a strip of flat, marshy land about a mile from his fort, he surveyed and laid out the streets of his future city. This he called Sacramento, and the town was to be our future capital. The streets terminated at the water front. His next step was to mark off lots and sell them—just as in boom towns to-day—and it was here that he got into difficulties. His land was all held under grant from the Mexican authorities; and now as it began to swarm with lawless

adventurers, they took up 'squatters' rights'—that is, they settled down wherever it pleased them. They argued that now, with California the property of America, these Mexican titles were of no value. Of course this was wrong, but it forced Sutter to go into the courts to prove his claims.

"I am sorry to say that most of the decisions went against him. The popular cry was, 'California for Americans!' and many old California families saw their holdings thus taken away from them. In 1850, Sutter's property was worth many millions. Twenty years later he was a poor man. The State legislature voted him a monthly pension, but, as in the case of Marshall, it lapsed, and Sutter now an old man traveled back to Washington, there to plead the justice of his claims.

"Disappointed, broken in body, this pioneer, who once had ruled over a territory as large as a smaller Eastern State, breathed his last a pauper."

The children sat silent and thoughtful for a minute or two. Then Bob asked: "How long did they keep on digging gold, Dad?"

"Why, not so very many years in this wholesale way. It was found in a free state and paying quantities in only a few places. In the year 1850 it is said that the huge sum of fifty millions of dollars worth was mined; and still larger amounts each year for the next three or four years; then it began to fall off. In ten years, most of the great throng of adventurers had shouldered their picks and wan-

dered elsewhere. California is still a gold-producing State, but the precious metal is now mined with hydraulic machinery. And another great gift of Nature has risen up to supplant Gold; its name is Oil.

"When Mexico surrendered this country to the United States, at the close of the war, we gave her as a sort of quitclaim the sum of fifteen millions of dollars. How chagrined must those dons have been to see the newly acquired land pouring hundreds of millions of wealth back into the lap of its new owners!"

CHAPTER IX

THE JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS

"DAY after to-morrow we shall reach California!" exclaimed Marnie happily.

The long voyage was indeed drawing to an end, and it found the two children fairly dancing with eagerness.

"My, but it seems almost a year since we left New York!" said Bob.

"What would you have said, if it had taken you eighty days or more—sailing around the Horn?" asked Mr. Mather, smiling. "I guess that some of those first gold seekers thought the voyage would never end, sure enough!"

"Was that the only way they could get here?" asked Marnie.

"No—some of them took a short cut across Panama. That is, they journeyed overland there, and took another ship on the Pacific side. And still others traveled all the way across the continent by land. Some of these had begun to come to Oregon and California before gold was discovered. My grandfather was one of these, and I have often heard him tell about it. That was a long journey of

unbelievable hardships, but hundreds made it."

"Go on, Daddy, tell us about it," clamored both children at once.

"Well," said their father, settling himself down comfortably, "it is quite a yarn, but one you ought to hear in order to understand how the West came to be built up. Picture for yourselves a great unknown country stretching away for hundreds of miles—prairie, desert, mountain, valley, lake, rushing river,—inhabited by roving Indians, great herds of buffalo, and wild game of all sorts. That was the Great West of seventy-five years ago. Why I can remember as a boy seeing school maps with the words, 'Great American Desert,' marked across it, just as we still mark the Sahara Desert on our maps of Africa. People still knew next to nothing about it, in spite of the fact that exploring expeditions had occasionally gone across, beginning with the famous trip of Lewis and Clark to the Northwest, in 1805.

"But by the middle of the century a considerable wave of emigration had set in, and little by little the frontier grudgingly yielded up its secrets. Regular trade routes were established to the Northwest, and Southwest (the Santa Fé Trail) and straight across the country. It was the middle route that my grandfather took, as a young man, and I shall try to tell you about it just as he told it to me.

"He had been left an orphan when a boy just getting into his teens, and had hired out to a farmer in Missouri, for his 'board and keep.' This farmer

lived in Pike County, and like many others he got the gold fever so bad that he sold out his farm at a sacrifice and started West. On the road a favorite song of the emigrants was 'Joe Bowers.' It had about forty stanzas, and one of them went like this:

"'My name it is Joe Bowers,
And I've got a brother Ike.
I came from old Missouri,
Yes, all the way from Pike.'

"We still hear the expression, 'from Pike County'; and I think the slang word, 'Pikers,' comes from the same thing.

"My grandfather by this time was a well-grown young fellow of nineteen, and the farmer was glad to take him along, to drive half a dozen cows and some sheep, as well as to take turns with the six oxen which pulled the lumbering wagon, or prairie schooner, as they called it."

"Tell us what it was like, Daddy," begged Marnie.

"It was a great, clumsy-looking wagon, tilted at the ends and sagging in the middle, covered over with a heavy sheeting or drilling that was supported by means of circular hoops. The bed of the wagon was both long and wide—so wide that beds for sleeping could be laid crosswise in it. These were a bit skimpy for a good-sized man; but for women and children they were quite comfortable. The inside really looked like a room. Besides the beds which could be rolled up out of the way in daytime,

there was a cookstove, a stool or two, a small table, and racks for hanging pots, pans, clothing, and what not.

"It was really remarkable how many different kinds of things one of these schooners would stow away; for on a journey like this a family had to provide for every possible emergency. There would be a churn for making butter, buckets, lanterns, spades, rope, tools of all kinds, guns,—it really looked like a traveling peddler's shop. And, of course, food supplies and clothing must be laid in for weeks in advance.

"My grandfather, whom I will call Jim, for short, was traveling with a family named Jenkins—Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, and a boy and a girl who were both under ten. The children took the whole thing as a lark, in spite of many dangers and hardships, and only once or twice in the long journey realized what it was they were undertaking.

"The trip across Missouri was made without incident. The roads were fairly good, the oxen fresh, and two or three neighbors went with them. At Westport they had to cross the wide and muddy Missouri River. Here they found an animated scene. Several caravans were being outfitted to cross the plains. Westport was a bustling little town, the site of the future Kansas City. Jim saw much to interest him, but had little time to look around, as last preparations had to be made, which kept them all feverishly busy.

"Within a week they were ready to start and they attached themselves to a caravan of ten schooners, traveling thus for mutual protection. Amid a great cheering and yelling at the oxen, one wagon after another lumbered out into the main road and headed across the plains in a cloud of dust.

"During the first few days they went through fairly well settled country, but as it was also Indian lands they were careful each night to draw up the wagons to form a large circle. Inside this all could take refuge in case of attack. The horses, oxen, and other livestock were allowed to graze out on the prairie until toward dark, when they were driven into the inclosure and picketed for the night. These precautions were by no means needless, as Jim frequently heard of raids when some poor settlers lost all their livestock—a serious tragedy indeed. At another time, he said, when they were a little slow about rounding up the stock, a thunderstorm came up and so frightened the animals that they stampeded. Jim, Mr. Jenkins, and two other men took the only horses they had left, and rode all that night and half the next day, before they rounded up all the missing stock. Luckily for them, they were not observed by any redskins.

"One man was always placed on guard, and he was relieved after a four-hour watch. One night, which Jim said was as black as a stack of black cats, it was his turn for sentry duty. He heard a strange pony whinnying outside—and he fired a

shot. This was the signal of alarm, and instantly every man sprang to his feet and seized his gun. They could see nothing, but on all sides of them they now heard a furious screeching of Indians on the warpath. The savages had crept up silently until right upon them. The next thing that Jim heard was something whistle close by his head and bury itself with a thud in the side of a wagon. Other thuds were heard here and there—then the wild bleat or bellow of some animal in pain. The one campfire in the center of the camp furnished the redskins with their target, and with flying arrows they were trying to stampede the cattle.

"Soon the crack, crack, crack of guns were heard from the settlers, as they fired in the direction of the yells. Whether or not they hit anyone they could not tell, for in a few minutes the attackers rode away again. The men stayed by their weapons all night. The next morning they found three sheep and a fine milch cow so badly wounded that they had to kill them for food. While they were busily cleaning up camp, the two Jenkins children came gleefully up to Jim. 'See here, Jim, what we found,' they said, exhibiting an arrow. 'Where did you get it?' he asked. 'Why, we found it this morning, sticking right up in the bed between us!' "

"Phew!" whistled Bob. "That's collecting Indian arrows all right!"

"For many days after that they plodded along without anything exciting happening. One day,

was much like another. They did sight several great herds of buffalo, but those lumbering beasts were grazing at a distance and didn't pay much attention to them. The men were afraid to leave the caravan and go hunting, as their shots would apprise any hostile redskins of their presence. The wagons fairly crawled along, not making four miles an hour. You see, by this time they were away out in the open country where there was no road. Sometimes a wagon wheel would fall into a prairie-dog hole, and it would take the united efforts of all the other teams to pry it out again. Here and there streams had to be crossed, and these were always treacherous. If they were not unexpectedly deep, they might have a mud or quicksand bottom. One wagon struck a deep hole and turned over on its side. It took half a day to right it and recapture its contents, and some of its food was lost or spoiled.

"After two or three weeks of travel they began to leave the fertile plains and get into desert country. They realized this by the most exciting incident of their trip thus far. Jim said that each wagon carried a keg of drinking water, and they made it a practice to fill up the kegs each night with fresh water. All made use of it lavishly, as they had been accustomed to having plenty of water. But at the close of one day's march, the leader of the caravan came back looking worried.

"'Men,' he said, 'I've missed the trail or something, for I can't find the water hole they said was

right around here somewhere. I'm afraid it's a dry camp to-night.'

"They hurriedly checked up on their supply of water, and found that each keg was about a third full. This was mighty little for both humans and beasts, and the captain at once gave orders that the water must be rationed until further notice. The poor cattle had none at all that night, and the next morning had to be content with a wet cloth rubbed over their noses. The children fortunately had milk to drink that morning, and the others had a small cupful of water.

"To make the situation worse, the day was extremely hot. The sun blazed down all day, in a treeless country, and the sand looked red-hot. The oxen could barely drag the wagons along. They hung their heads, and their swollen tongues showed through their lips. The sheep bleated pitifully. At noon they stopped for a two-hour halt, when a tiny sip of water was passed around, and the oxen were given a dash of water in their swollen mouths. Then on they went again. Meanwhile, two of the men on the best horses were scouting ahead, trying to pick up traces of the lost water hole. They came back at sundown with no news.

"The next morning the water supply was low indeed, but they dared not stay where they were. The sheep and cows could hardly stand at first, but they were forced up and driven on ahead, while the caravan came toiling on behind.

A Wagon Struck a Deep Hole and Turned Over on its Side
[See page 111]

"Another white-hot day! Jim said it was the hardest day of his whole life. At noon some of the beasts lay down and refused to get up again. The men dared not stop, but goaded the patient oxen

A Horseman in Advance Was Waving His Arms

forward. The sun seemed to stand still that torrid afternoon. Now and then a child's voice could be heard pleading for water. Then suddenly a cry went up. One of the horsemen in advance was seen waving his arms. 'Water! water!' came the cry. The oxen seemed to sense it, for now they pressed forward without urging. Presently they started to run, and it became a stampede.

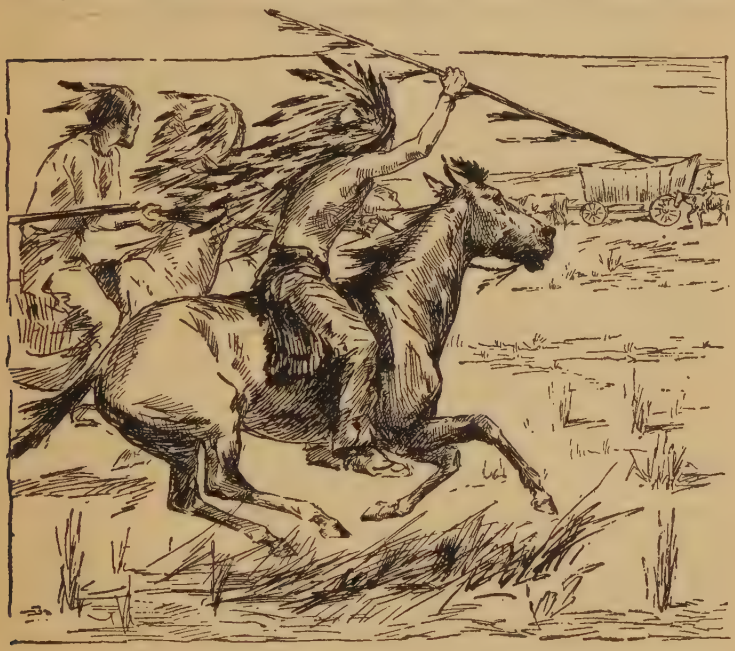
"Sure enough—there at the foot of a little slope flowed a small stream. Into it rushed the animals, only stopping when the life-saving water came up even with their muzzles. Out jumped the children with happy cries. Jim said he thought he would never get enough, and it was the best drink he ever had in his life. He said that if you ever wanted to appreciate how good water is, just try doing without it for a spell!

"Jim said they followed the Oregon Trail leading up the Missouri and Platte Rivers, past Fort Laramie where they found a little outpost of soldiers and were warned to be on the lookout for the Sioux, and on up into the rising land of the Rockies. They went through South Pass and down into Fort Bridger, and so on to the new town of Salt Lake. Here they found the Mormons friendly and willing to help outfit them for their further journey.[1] They stopped here for several days to give their stock a chance to rest, and Jim and the children were full of wonder at the strange country and people. A few miles away from the bustling town was Great Salt Lake, a body of water in which no fish could live, and so saline that if they took four buckets of water and left them out in the sun, they would get one bucket of salt.

"The next stage of the journey was very trying indeed, for they had to go over the Great Salt Desert—sixty miles where, instead of sand, which was

[1] For the story of the Mormons, see "Utah" in this series.

bad enough, they trod upon salt. The wagon wheels almost mired in it at times, and an extra yoke of oxen had to be put to each wagon to get it through at all. To add to their miseries, there wasn't a drop of fresh water in all that distance. They had been warned of this and carried extra



A Party of Sioux in Full War Paint

barrels of water, and by this time most of their live-stock had been killed; but at that it was, as Jim said, 'a tight squeeze,' and all breathed a sigh of relief and thankfulness when the other side was reached. This Salt Desert was crossed in two night journeys, as they didn't dare risk it with a blazing

sun overhead. Luckily they had a full moon to guide them.

"Then came Carson Desert, another dreary stretch of sand, and a camp at the Sink of the Humboldt River. Here they saw a party of Sioux in full war paint, but for some reason the savages didn't attack them. Then another stretch of forty miles or so brought them to the welcome banks of the Carson River. Here they saw the last barrier of mountains to their promised land looming just ahead, and here they were met by a small party of scouts and soldiers to guide them through the dangerous Pass, and protect them from the Indians.

"Jim heard the reason for this precaution from the lips of a grizzled old scout, who told the dire fate of the Donner caravan, a few months before. This was a party of eighty-five men, women, and children, who had started from Salt Lake for the Sierras in the Fall, and had reached the mountains after the Winter blizzards had set in. One storm after another swept down upon them, and blinded by the snow they lost their way. Many of them perished in the winter that followed, and although relief parties were sent out from Sutter's Fort to meet them, only a handful of the brave party of eighty-five ever looked upon the Spring flowers blossoming on the slope, on the other side.

"And there were still other stories that Jim heard, of massacres by the Indians, of stampedes by the buffalo, of forest fires, of prowling wild animals

and snakes, which took their toll. But still the hardy pioneers came toiling on, by scores and hundreds, until they unspanned their teams for the last time on this Western Coast. No story of California, or of Oregon, or of any other Western State is complete without a chronicle of their deeds."

CHAPTER X

A NEW STAR IN THE FLAG

"JUST time for one more story, youngsters," said Mr. Mather. "The Captain says that we will dock some time to-morrow morning at San Diego, the first of our ports. So, since we have hauled down the Spanish flag, the Mexican flag, and the Bear flag, I want us to have Old Glory flaunting the breeze, and with the California star added to its constellation.

"Events moved very fast after the California Revolution and the discovery of gold. American miners and settlers poured in so fast that President Polk, in 1848, urged in his Message the immediate need of a stable, territorial government here. Up to this time only a sort of military authority had been exercised. It had been very unsatisfactory, and the setting up of the machinery of a territory was still more so. You see, California was so far away and communication was so difficult, that its problems were peculiarly its own.

"The citizens now began agitating for Statehood, one of the foremost leaders in the movement being our old friend, Frémont, who had retired from the

army, but who was later to don the uniform again in the Civil War with the rank of General. A convention was held in Monterey, in the Summer of 1849, and a constitution adopted. In the election which followed, Peter H. Burnett was chosen as first Governor, and Frémont one of the two United States Senators.

"But there were stormy waters ahead of the new ship of State. The question of slavery was then uppermost in the East, and it was at once asked: 'Will California be admitted as a Free or as a Slave State? To throw it into either column would disturb what politicians call 'the balance of power.' Able men like Clay, Webster, and Calhoun fought this question out for weeks, on the floor of the Senate, and it was not until August, 1850 that the bill providing for Statehood finally passed, with California—I am glad to say—placed in the Free column. On September 19, 1850, President Fillmore signed the bill, and California, became the thirty-first State of the Union.

"The news was relayed to the Coast by the fastest riders of the Pony Express, and great was the rejoicing when the last rider dashed into Sacramento waving his arms, his wiry little steed covered with lather. 'We're in! we're in!' he shouted, and the people took up the glad cry. Flags were hoisted, bells rung, and at night great bonfires blazed on the hillside. Soon the tidings spread, from Cape Mendocino at the north, clear down to Imperial Valley,

that California was no longer on the fringe of things, but was one in Uncle Sam's great family of States."

A few moments of silence followed, while the children sat watching the sea gulls, but picturing for themselves these events of the past. Then Bob broke the silence.

"Dad," he said; "you mentioned about the Pony Express riders just now. Tell us something about them and the stagecoaches."

"Yes," affirmed his father, "they do belong in our story—and the first railroad, too. But there is too much in that story to tell you in detail. Sometime I want you to read all about them for yourselves; you will find them wonderfully fascinating.

"After the scouts and trappers had blazed regular trails across the Plains, and settlers began to move farther and farther West, the need arose for a regular means of carrying supplies and passengers. Stagecoach lines were established, first for short distances, then for longer and longer ones. They followed the Santa Fé Trail to the Southwest, and the Oregon Trail which I have already told you about. The stages were clumsy affairs mounted on high springs to take the jolt out of the road as much as possible, but when the lumbering vehicle struck a rock or rut, the luckless passengers would be sent flying from the seats and were in imminent danger of cracking their skulls on the ceiling.

"The horses were changed at frequent stations,

THEY DID NOT SPARE THEIR STEEDS

[See page 123]

so that they could be kept at a brisk trot, and it was a great sight to see them come dashing into a small town at top speed, and draw up at the central square with a flourish. But out on the plains it was not so showy. Here they swayed along in a cloud of dust or sand, or bumped over rocky mountain roads. Dangers were always present. Indians might swoop suddenly down from some ambuscade, to surround the coach like yelling fiends. Or white highwaymen would hold up the coach, to plunder its passengers and the mail sacks which it carried. Yet, despite its discomforts and perils, the stagecoach was for many years the only means of regular travel. The first through line was established in 1859, running from St. Louis to San Francisco, a round trip of over 3,000 miles. The coaches ran night and day and ordinarily made the one-way trip in twenty-five days.

"The Pony Express was established for sending mail and important messages. It was first started as an across the Plains route at St. Joseph, on the Missouri, in the year 1861—the same year in which our Civil War broke out. One rider who afterwards became famous was William F. Cody, or 'Buffalo Bill.' These riders were carefully picked for their horsemanship and daring. They did not spare their steeds but rode like mad to the next post, say twenty miles away, where fresh ponies were always waiting. The riders themselves were relieved at frequent intervals, so that both steed and

rider should be at top form. In the Wintertime the trails through the mountains would be kept trampled down by other men and teams, so that the express could dash ahead freely. During the long months of the Civil War this was the means by which the Far West kept informed of the momentous happenings. They made the trip to Sacramento sometimes in the remarkably fast time of eight days.

"After the War was over people saw that both the Pony Express and the stagecoach were out of date, and that the West must be linked up with the East by rails of steel. Railroad lines from the East had already penetrated as far as the Missouri, and now men began the gigantic task of surveying and building the roadbed sixteen hundred miles to the Coast. Bridges had to be built, tunnels bored, and passes through towering mountain ranges discovered. Then came the actual laying of the road, a procedure which naturally aroused the keenest hostility among the Sioux and other tribes of Indians, who saw their hunting grounds invaded and cut in two. The construction crews had to work under arms and with an armed guard in the car just ahead. Even so, more than one bloody encounter occurred before the Union Pacific Railroad, as it was called, drove its last spike.

"This spike was a golden one, and its driving occasioned a historic celebration. The rails from the West had pushed forward to meet those from the East, and the junction was effected on the 10th day

of May, 1869, at Promontory Point, Utah. As the two flag-bedecked locomotives slowly neared each other, guns were fired and the happy throng yelled itself hoarse. Back in California no less joyful celebrations were held.

"And now"—concluded Mr. Mather, smilingly—"with the star safely in the flag; with the Indians safely in the reservations; with the railroads threading the West in every direction; with the telegraph and radio flashing instant messages; with the Panama Canal shortening the distance by water, by many thousands of miles; with airplanes capable of crossing the continent from dawn to dusk; with all these and many other things that I haven't had time to tell you about—aren't you glad you live in California?"

"Sure thing!" answered Bob promptly and slangily; "but I'd have been glad to live here anyway. Wouldn't have minded riding across with Buffalo Bill!"

"I'm glad I live in California right now," said Marnie, dreamily. "But I'm gladder still that I am *an American!*"

"Same here!" echoed Bob.

MILESTONES

1492. Columbus discovers America.
1513. Balboa discovers the Pacific Ocean.
1519. Magellan rounds Cape Horn.
1542. Cabrillo reaches California by water.
1579. Drake the first Englishman to reach California.
1769. Father Serra founds first mission, at San Diego.
1776. The mission at San Francisco founded.
1781. The pueblo of Los Angeles founded.
1796. First American ship visits Pacific Coast.
1822. Mexico takes over California from Spain.
1835. Secularization of the missions begun.
1840. Monterey made capital of Mexican California.
1840. Sutter's Fort built; later the site of Sacramento.
1845. Frémont clashes with the Mexican officials.
1846. The Bear Flag Revolution.
1846. California declared a territory of the United States.
1848. Gold discovered.
1849. State Constitution adopted.
1850. California admitted into the Union.

LATER EVENTS

1851. Disastrous fire at San Francisco.
1851. First Vigilance Committee formed.
1854. Sacramento made the capital.
1856. Second Vigilance Committee formed.
1859. Overland stage line established, St. Louis to San Francisco.
1861. California sends ten regiments to Civil War in East.

1861. First telegraph line completed across continent.
1869. First railroad to East completed.
1869. State Capitol completed at cost of $2,500,000.
1869. University of California founded.
1877. Anti-Chinese riots.
1881. Chinese Exclusion Act passed.
1885. New railroad via Cajon Pass opens Southern California.
1895. First oil wells drilled. Production in 1920 reaches over 100,000,000 barrels annually.
1906. San Francisco almost destroyed by earthquake and fire.
1909. State renews fight in legislature against Chinese and Japanese.
1915. Expositions at San Francisco and San Diego.
1920. Census shows population of 3,426,861; State eighth in rank.

THE END

CALIFORNIA
Klamath Lake
Alturas
Eureka
Sacramento River
SIERRA
Sacramento
Sutter's Ft.
San Rafael
N
W
E
S

San Jose
Santa Cruz
Monterey
SIERRA NEVADA MTS.
Tulare Lake
Death Valley
TELESCOPE RANGE
SAN LUCIA MTS.
San Luis Obispo
SAN BERNARDINO RANGE
Santa Barbara
Ventura
San Miguel Is
Is. of Santa Rosa
Is. of Santa Cruz
Los Angeles
Santa Ana
San Jacinto Mts.
San Nicolas Is
Santa Catalina Is
San Clemente Is.
San Diego